What's to Become of Germany *by Stefan Heym*

NEW MASSES

FIFTEEN CENTS

November 14, 1939

What Will America Do?

by Upton Sinclair

On Means and Ends

by Corliss Lamont

The Soviets Speak for Peace

An Editorial Article

When Relief Quits Town

by Ed Falkowski

God Better Save the King

by Joseph Starobin

GROPPER, GARDNER REA, REDFIELD, RICHTER, CLINTON

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Between Ourselves

MORRIS KAMMAN'S second article on the technique of the Dies committee has been postponed for a week because of the fact that we had to move our deadline ahead for election day.

Obituary writers on the boss press have been busy again preparing a loving account of the end of NM. The latest outfit to blow a bugle over our grave is *Time,* the celebrated newsmagazine—Terse, Timely, and Truthless.

This week we begin spinning in our grave with the news that John L. Spivak's astounding series begins next week—"Silver Charlie Coughlin," the radio dominie with the itch for silver, and not in the collection plate. In order to bang this matter home to the American people we are doing our damndest to scratch up some dough for promotion and the first result is a special "Silver Charlie" subscription blank, very pretty, and full of blanks to shoot at the priest of Poison Oak. A missive to H. C. Adamson, promotion director, at NEW MASSES, 461 Fourth Ave., N.Y.C., will bring you this special item.

Then we are going to put up bulk copies of issues bearing the Coughlin biography at a special fancy gala low price of 10 cents per copy on bundle orders of twenty-five or more; and 8½ cents a copy on orders of over a thousand. If you have ten friends or more, as almost everyone has, send us their names and addresses and $1 and we will mail them copies. To cover the Spivak series properly there is a special subscription offer of twenty-five weeks for $2.

In order to get the best possible newsstand play on the Coughlin series it would be wonderful of our readers to act as special newsstand inspectors. Wherever you are—Los Angeles, Flint, Montgomery, or the Bronx—won't you approach your dealer and say, "Have you ordered your extra thousand copies of NEW MASSES for next week, that sensational magazine which is printing the lowdown on Father Coughlin?" If the man is properly astounded and begins to drool in anticipation give him the address of NM. Tell him we have special posters and promotion material. With this kind of cooperation we shall be able to reach some of the millions of people naturally interested in this series.

We still have a pile of reproductions of the original mss. of the Bill of Rights, printed on a stout 18 x 24 scroll, for people who send $5 or more to NM's War Emergency Fund. See the coupon on Page 30.

We celebrate our twenty-eighth Birthday at Webster Hall, Saturday Night, December 2, with "A Night in Trinidad." Twenty-eight years of fighting for the people gives us something to celebrate. All of our great and good friends will be there, the artists, writers, and professionals, who see no reason to throw away their brains because Vincent Sheean says so. The music will be provided by Dick Carroll's swing band and Gerald Clark and his Caribbean Serenaders, the exciting Calypso orchestra from Trinidad, featuring the Calypsonian songs of the Duke of Iron, in person. Admission before the event, that is by applying to Jean Stanley by phone or letter to this office, will be a dollar. At the door admission will be $1.50. Call CAledonia 5-3076.

Upton Sinclair

Back in 1906 a novel called "The Jungle," an account of conditions in the Chicago packing industry, created such a stir that it forced a congressional investigation and a general cleanup of sanitary conditions in the stockyards. In the years that have passed since then the author of "The Jungle," Upton Sinclair, has continued to fight the battle which he began in that book: the battle against poverty and oppression, for democracy and socialism. Today Upton Sinclair is better known abroad, more widely translated and read than any living American writer. He has not only talked socialism and written about it, but he was quick to recognize it in the flesh and for twenty-two years has remained a warm friend of the Soviet Union. Though NM has differed with Sinclair on many questions of ways and means, we recognize in him a great pioneer of proletarian literature and a true champion of the common man.

From Commonwealth College, at Mena, Ark., we have an announcement that this progressive labor school will open its sixtieth resident term on January 8. Educational Director Morris Engel states that Commonwealth's aim is "to meet the expressed needs of the trade-union movement from year to year, rather than to present the 'we teach it, you take it' attitude that educators sometimes fall into." Besides its regular courses in economics, union problems, civil liberties, public speaking, labor journalism, and business, the school will offer new courses on international affairs and labor and politics.

The League of American writers, in association with several Pan-American and Negro organizations, is sponsoring a dinner reception for the noted Haitian writer, Jacques Roumain, Wednesday, November 15, at 6 p.m., at the YWCA, 179 West 137th St., N. Y. C. Roumain, the author of *Le Froie et L'Ombre* and *Les Fantoches,* will speak on Haitian history and culture. Reservations may be made with the Council for Pan-American Democracy, 156 Fifth Ave.

Who's Who

CORLISS LAMONT, whose writings have frequently appeared in NM and *Soviet Russia Today,* has taught in the philosophy department of Columbia University and is the editor of a poetry anthology, *Man Answers Death.* . . . Stefan Heym is a former editor of the anti-fascist *Volksecho,* published until recently in New York. . . . Edwin Rolfe, whose book *The Lincoln Battalion* appears this week, was an NM and *Daily Worker* correspondent in Spain and also served for a time in the battalion about which he writes. . . . Ed Falkowski, a former coal miner of Pennsylvania, has worked in pre-Hitler Germany and the Soviet Union, and has been on the staff of the Moscow *Daily News.* He was a frequent contributor to the monthly NM. . . . Owen Burke has been a regular contributor of dance criticism to NM. . . . V. J. McGill is an editor of *Science and Society.*

Flashbacks

MEMO to the ruling class—everywhere: "Landed proprietorship is abolished forthwith without compensation," read the "Decree on Land" based on Lenin's report on the land question, made on Nov. 10, 1917. . . . And while the landless of the world ponder this expropriation which followed so promptly on the heels of the Bolshevik Revolution, they may note with satisfaction one of the realistic steps which made possible the stabilization of the revolution. On Nov. 13, 1922, Lenin reported on the New Economic Policy at the Fourth Congress of the Communist International.

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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NEW MASSES

VOLUME XXXIII NOVEMBER 14, 1939 NUMBER 8

We Want to Reach Millions

IN next week's issue of NEW MASSES we will present the first of a series of articles by John L. Spivak. Four months of intensive investigation netted America's ace reporter enough dynamite to blow the lid off the activities of a certain fascist gentleman now resident in Royal Oak.

For the first time the inner financial manipulations of Charles E. Coughlin are bared to the light of day. The entire series will be illustrated with documents—the nature of which is going to make eyes pop with astonishment all over this American continent.

Our urgent problem now, however, is to escape the stranglehold of our pressing and immediate financial obligations. Last week we received $650, making a total of $2,280.31 secured to date in our drive to raise a War Emergency Fund of $7,000. All of this amount is earmarked for the printer and paper maker.

The editors of NEW MASSES are now confronted with the double problem of securing enough funds to keep the magazine going—and at the same time raising money for a nationwide promotion campaign aimed at bringing news of the Spivak expose to hundreds of thousands and even millions of non-NEW MASSES readers.

We have drawn up a minimum promotion budget for the nationwide advertising job of acquainting the American public with the real facts about the chicanery of Father Coughlin.

Our promotion plan calls for ads in such national newspapers as the New York *Times,* St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* Detroit *Free Press,* San Francisco *Examiner,* Baltimore *Sun,* and other papers in key cities throughout America. We plan to print thousands of leaflets for countrywide distribution. Newsstand posters, special mailings are also projected. A minimum of $2,500 is required to do this job. *Your* help can swing it.

The thousands of new readers who will be attracted to NEW MASSES through the Spivak articles can help solve our financial problem. The urgent problem, however, is to reach many thousands with the news of the Coughlin expose.

Will you assume a *personal* financial share in underwriting our nationwide promotion campaign?

Will you dig down in your pocket now and send us a $5 contribution or whatever you can spare? At this point even hours are crucial. Advertising promotion has to be planned. We have to know how far we can go. See the coupon on Page 30.

The Editors

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On Means and Ends

Corliss Lamont considers the total consequences of the Soviet Union's recent diplomatic moves. The amateur moralists produce their ethical vacuum.

ANYONE who during the last two months has discussed the role of the Soviet Union in the present international crisis must have been struck with the number of amateur moralists who have suddenly sprung into being. These deep philosophical geniuses, curiously enough, all arrive at the same world-shaking platitude: the USSR has betrayed mankind by letting the end justify the means; by considering, for example, the preservation of peace for its people so important as to justify the means of entering into a non-aggression pact with Germany.

In the muddled means-end philosophy that has such wide currency today the first confusion occurs over the very phrasing of the issue at stake. Our amateur moralist wraps himself up in a rhetorical question so abstract as to be almost meaningless. "Does the end justify the means?" he asks, with an unmistakable note of triumph in his voice; and then proceeds at once to denounce the Russians and their terrible political morality. But in matters pertaining to ethical philosophy it is absolutely necessary to be specific. In other words, does this *particular* end or group of ends justify this *particular* means? No responsible person in Soviet Russia or anywhere else really thinks that *any* end justifies *any* means; and every responsible person would have to admit that *some* ends justify *some* means.

Practically everyone, for example, justifies the use of violence or coercion under certain circumstances. Many of the bitterest critics of Soviet policy enthusiastically back England and France in the employment of force by these two countries to win the war with Germany. And there are few Americans indeed who would deny that reliance on force was justified in the American War of Independence or that it is justified today in the Chinese war of liberation against the Japanese aggressor. Not many Americans, either, would be willing to advocate the disbanding of municipal police departments in the United States, though the whole police system is based on the threat of violence and policemen frequently kill off criminals in quite bloody fashion. In fact, our entire legal system depends in the last analysis upon the state's coercive power of enforcement. And even our most extreme pacifists would grant that it is justifiable to shoot a mad dog which is about to attack a small child.

The all-important point is that to judge whether a particular means is ethically justifiable for the accomplishment of a particular end we must try to estimate the *total consequences* of using that means, including possible deleterious effects on the end desired. Of course a certain means may well alter the original end for which it was brought into play; the question is precisely how and to what extent. Many a surgeon has killed his patient in trying to cure him by a drastic operation, in which case the means completely negated the end in view. But more frequently the surgeon cures his patient, though one result of the operation is temporarily to weaken the patient through shock and another result may be to disfigure him permanently. The total consequences, however, are good from the viewpoint of the health of the patient. Thus the admission that means *affect* the end is very different from the misconception, given vogue by Prof. John Dewey, that means *determine* their end.

THE UTOPIAN MORALIST

There is another indispensable factor in any adequate means-end theory. We cannot properly evaluate the ethical implications of utilizing a specific means unless we consider the possible *alternatives,* unless we determine the probable consequences of *not* using that particular means. For, unfortunately, we are not applying our means in a society that is already perfect; and as long as the system under which we live remains imperfect, we cannot hope to change it through altogether perfect methods. Yet that is exactly what the amateur moralist expects us to do. With his extraordinary propensity for thinking in a vacuum, he sets up an ideal standard of conduct and then calls anything that falls short of it a "betrayal," regardless of consequences and alternatives, regardless of how the actions of both unreliable friends and hardboiled enemies necessarily limit the means we can use with efficacy. This is indeed Utopianism with a vengeance! And the vengeance usually comes quickly in the form of victory on the part of realistic reactionaries.

I think that these considerations clarify to some degree the recent moves of the Soviet Union on the international scene. The Soviet-German pact was not made in a vacuum; it was made in the midst of a number of conditioning circumstances and only after the failure of the French, British, and Polish governments to come through on the Soviet government's other chief alternative for guaranteeing the peace of its people, namely, a genuine pact of collective security. The critics of Soviet policy are called upon to show that some third or fourth alternative would have been better calculated to win peace for the USSR. This, it seems to me, is impossible to do, especially when we look at some of the concrete consequences issuing from the agreement: the maintenance of peace for Soviet socialism, the isolation of Hitler and the disruption of the anti-Comintern pact all the way from Madrid to Tokyo, and the turning of the tables on Anglo-French imperialist plotters against the USSR.

Passing over the fantastic charge that Soviet Russia deliberately brought about the European war, we can agree that one bad result of the pact has been the widespread misunderstanding of the USSR in foreign countries and even among considerable sections of the working class. The fact is, however, that the good consequences of the pact far outweigh the bad; and that fact affects significantly the moral quality of the Soviets' making the pact in the first place.

A similar analysis can be made of the Red Army's occupation of the White Russian and Ukrainian sections of eastern Poland. I have talked with numerous people who say that yes, the effects of the Soviet Union's action here have been to halt Hitler in Eastern Europe, to handicap seriously any future attack by him on the USSR, to prevent his moving upon the Balkans. Just the same, they claim, Soviet intervention was wicked and unjustified. Now this argument simply doesn't make sense to me. If the end achieved is on the whole good, that is, if the consequences of employing a certain means are good, then how can the means itself be altogether base and bad?

Again, what was the major alternative to the Soviet government's sending the Red Army into eastern Poland? Clearly that alternative was to allow the Nazis to march right up to the borders of the USSR, to obtain a common frontier with Rumania and the Soviet Ukraine, and to place under Hitler's yoke thirteen million more hapless people. In other words, the Soviet Union did not take eastern Poland away from the Poles or from the Polish government, which had already collapsed and left the country, but from the Nazi aggressors and oppressors.

A CLASS WEAPON

Naturally the criterion of total consequences applies to Soviet policy in the Baltic region, as it will apply to other Soviet moves in both East and West. I have not intended, however, to make a detailed or complete analysis of Soviet Russia's actions and present position in the complex international situation. My purpose has been to demonstrate the shallowness of the anti-Soviet talk revolving around the means-end problem, to indicate that it is chiefly a class weapon which the enemies of socialism find convenient, and to suggest a sound means-end theory which can be used to appraise, either favorably or unfavorably, the Soviet Union's policy or any other policy.

I would like to add that while we cannot accurately predict at this moment all the

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long-range consequences of the Soviet diplomatic victories in Eastern Europe, it does seem plain that the USSR is now in a much better position to affect for the good any European peace that may be negotiated and to forestall a new Versailles on the part of either side in the imperialist war. The greatest hope that out of the existing chaos and misery in Europe (and in Asia too) there may emerge a peaceful and stable society lies in the steadily increasing strength and influence of the Soviet Union, a strength and influence that extend far beyond its borders to inspire men of good will and intelligence in every land.

CORLISS LAMONT.

Who Wants War?

Monopoly capital causes them and monopoly capital profits from wars. Here are figures on the extent of its control (not including cartel and syndicate agreements) of the economies of the five leading capitalist countries.

	Monopolist enterprises taken into account	Percent to which they cover given industry	Percent to which the largest monopoly covers given industry
United States			
Anthracite	6	90	45
Iron ore	4	60	43
Oil	1	45-50	45-50
Steel	3	60	40
Copper	5	98	37
Aluminium	1	95-100	95-100
Explosives	1	65-80	65-80
Artificial silk	6	80	33
Automobiles	3	89	50
Agricultural machinery	1	65	65
Electrical engineering	2	75-80	40-50
Telephone, Telegraph	1	75	75
Radio	1	95-100	95-100
Meat packing	4	70	....
Sugar	2	46	....
Baking	3	18	....
Tobacco	4	79	41
Railways	14	86	12
Electric power	8	74	23
Great Britain			
Iron and steel	10	70-75	16
Aluminium	1	100	100
Automobiles	1	50	50
Shipbuilding	10	66	....
Basic chemicals	1	95	95
Synthetic nitrogen	1	100	100
Artificial silk	1	80	80
Cement	2	60-70	....
Thread	1	80	80
Tobacco	1	60-70	60-70
Beer and spirits	1	80	80
Soap	1	90	90
Margarine	1	90	90
Rubber tires	1	90	90
Wallpaper	1	90	90
Railways	4	95	....
Shipping	6	50	....

	Monopolist enterprises taken into account	Percent to which they cover given industry	Percent to which the largest monopoly covers given industry
Germany			
Coal	10	45	17-20
Pig iron	5	86	53
Steel	5	73	38
Aluminium	1	80-85	80-85
Automobiles	4	71	30
Electrical engineering	2	60-80	....
Synthetic dyes	1	95-100	95-100
Synthetic nitrogen	1	80	80
Mineral acids	1	90	90
Artificial silk	3	70	....
Potassium	6	100	41
Margarine	1	75-80	75-80
Shipbuilding	3	75	36
Shipping	1	61	61
France			
Iron and steel	10	72	16
Aluminium	2	100	90
Basic chemicals	1	70	70
Synthetic nitrogen	1	40	40
Synthetic dyes	1	80	80
Electrical engineering	1	60	60
Electricity supply	2	90-100	50
Railways	4	70	....
Automobiles	3	75	33
Japan			
Coal	2	50	30
Iron and steel	3	75	42
Copper	5	87	23
Synthetic nitrogen	2	79	43
Cement	2	70	50
Cotton	5	54	14
Paper	1	76	76
Flour milling	2	82	45
Sugar	2	78	44
Electricity supply	5	50	....
Artificial silk	4	73	24

From *New Data for Lenin's "Imperialism"* by Varga and Mendelsohn, compiled from the following sources: Laidler, *Concentration of Control in American Industry*, 1931; *Handbuch der Internationalen Petroleumindustrie*, 1933-34; *American Iron and Steel Institute*, 1932; *Yearbook of the American Bureau of Metal Statistics*, 1933; *Die wirtschaftlichen Krafte der Welt*, Dresdner Bank, 1930; *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, 1934; American Telephone & Telegraph Co. Annual Reports, Chicago *Daily Tribune*, 18, V. 1934; Neumann, *Economic Organization of the British Coal Industry*, 1934; *Financial News*, 1933-34; *Economist*, 11, VI, 1934, 4, VIII, 1934; Fitzgerald, *Industrial Combination in England*, 1927; *Chemische Industrie*, 1933-34; *Returns of the Railway Cos. of Great Britain*, 1931; *The Stock Exchange Yearbook*, 1933-34; *Gruenbuch der Aktiengesellschaften*, 1934; *Deutsche Bergwerkszeitung*, 2, VIII, 1933; *Der Deutsche Volkswirt*, 1934; *Wirtschaftskurve der Frankfurter Zeitung*, 1931; *Statistique des Chemins de fer Francais*, 1931; Inomata Tsuneo, *Financial Capital in Japan;* Takahashi Kamekiti, *Investigation of Investments of Big Concerns* (in Japanese) and periodicals published for respective branches.

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What Will America Do?

Upton Sinclair looks at the world and America and makes a prophecy. What is going to happen in Europe. The role of the United States.

One week after the outbreak of the Second World War, I decided to quit turning on the radio every fifteen minutes, and go off and think my own thoughts. In offering the results, let me first present my credentials. Many persons are clamoring for the world's attention; not all are qualified. In reading what follows, bear in mind the well established maxim of science, that the test of knowledge is the ability to predict.

Thirty-six years ago I began to analyze the economic forces at work in our society, and wrote that the system under which we were operating was a self-terminating one. In 1907 I published a book seeking to prove that our country was heading for a collapse, with millions of unemployed. Incidentally, I said that we would soon be at war with Germany, and explained the reasons in detail. In the year 1922, in a published debate, I said that we would soon have ten million unemployed in the United States; my opponent in the debate referred to this prediction as "Mr. Sinclair's brainstorm." In 1930, after we had got the ten million unemployed, I wrote an article called "The Permanent Crisis," saying that we would never get rid of them except during a war, and that after the war we would have twenty million. In 1937, I published an article entitled "Expect No Peace." Not many persons heeded these outgivings, for the reason that statesmen, editors, and academic authorities were telling the public that God was in his heaven and all was right with the world.

THE ECONOMIC SETUP

There are economic forces at work in this society of ours, and those forces can be measured and understood, just as well as the working of yeast in sugar or the pressure of steam in a boiler. The only difference is that any scientist is free to investigate yeast and steam, and to announce his conclusions; but if he does that with economic forces, he runs the risk of being called bad names, and many scientists don't like that.

A hundred years ago we had throughout America a primitive society, not so different from what had existed in the world for centuries. The farmer worked his land with his horse and plow, and the blacksmith at his forge shod the farmer's horse, and took the farmer's butter in payment. But then came inventions and machinery: steam engines, powerlooms, railroads, steamships, telegraphs, telephones, electric power—you know the long list. Each of those inventions did something to us; all combined, they started us on a process as automatic as the machines themselves. The village smithy has been replaced by the blast furnace, the automatic rolling mill, and presses weighing hundreds of tons.

Individuals couldn't own these enormous machines; so came another invention, the corporation, and with it a new legal system and a new culture. A hundred years ago, if you lived in New York and had a brother in San Francisco, it would take you half a year to get a message to him; but today the telephone company will let you hear his voice in a few seconds. That company represents an investment of a billion dollars, and you may own shares in it, if you have the price. Defenders of the system make much of the fact that hundreds of thousands of persons do own shares. But the important question is, who has control of the mighty enterprise? If you investigate, you find a small group of persons controlling our whole financial machine, and wielding power greater than has ever before been centered in the hands of human beings on this earth.

It is what is known as "the profit system." It piles up an enormous mass of money claims, called debts, which constitute a first charge upon everything that is done in human affairs. You cannot eat, sleep, walk, talk, or read this article of mine, until you have satisfied an infinitude of minute claims which the debt structure makes against your life and activities.

And these claims are continually growing; the structure increases like a rolling snowball. It isn't the wickedness in any man's heart, or the plotting of unseen devils; it is the operation of a worldwide mechanism which men have built, more or less by accident—each understanding the small part he was working on, but having no adequate idea of the whole, or how it would work, and how in the end it would come to smash.

THE MAN OF DEBTS

The point is that the claims of debt grow larger in relation to our total national income. More and more of our wealth goes to servicing debt instead of to wages and salaries. So the people who do the world's work no longer have the money to buy the goods. Consumption slows up, then investment stops—for why build new plants when there is not demand enough to keep the existing plants busy? Interest rates go down to almost nothing, and the banks are stuffed with idle money. In the end the government has to step in, borrow the money, and lend or give it to the needy, so that it may be spent again, so that the game of making profits may go on.

You have been watching this process for ten years, and ought to know it by now. But you ask: what has it got to do with the outbreak of the Second World War? The answer is that every nation is a competing unit under this profit system; each has its own debt structure, each its own capitalists trying to earn profits on their enormous mass of investment, trying to keep their workers busy—and terrified by the certainty that if the workers are not fed, they will revolt. That is why in the year 1907 I was able to say that Gemany was going to war. I compared that country to a boiler with the steam pressure constantly increasing. The gauge was the Socialist vote if that reached a certain point, the Socialists would have control of the country—and just before that point the ruling classes of Germany would attempt to seize the markets and raw materials of some other country, and so stave off the crisis.

TO POSTPONE COLLAPSE

In this present explosion the best gauge is the national debt, in relation to the total resources of the country. In order to postpone collapse, every great nation is launched upon the same program of borrowing and spending. How much can it borrow? How long can it avoid runaway inflation, the final stage of breakdown? That was, and is, the problem confronting every statesman in every land.

Some knew they couldn't last long; those were the so-called "have not" nations, and you note that they did their spending on armaments. The richer nations, the so-called "haves," were easier going, and had better manners; they had less to gain by war, and spent their money on public improvements, housing for the poor, schools, and art projects. You remember that we had a Federal Theater Project, and just recently we killed it and started making airplanes instead.

As I write (September 8), Germany is gobbling up Poland, and when she gets through she will turn and offer England and France a "permanent peace." But the British and French know that there aren't markets enough and profits enough in the world for both the Nazis and themselves, so they have declared a war of exhaustion, and Winston Churchill has been taken into the British Cabinet. It may take a year, three years, five years—I can't tell that; but I can say what you will see at the end. Germany will be financially wrecked and starving, and so will Poland, and England and France will be not much better off.

And what then? It sounds like an ogre tale, or a nightmare; but the fact that you have already seen it once ought to make it easier to believe. I need say only one word: Russia. For twenty-two years, ever since the revolution in that country, I have been saying: From this time on the law of modern wars is that defeated nations go Bolshevik.

RUSSIA STOOD ALONE

In 1917 the Russians were doing something new; they had no models, no patterns. They

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faced the world alone, and had to defend themselves against most of Europe, Asia, and North America. They had to fight us, you remember. I recall a rarely told story, the first and only mutiny in the history of the American army—of Michigan farmboys and mechanics who had been drafted to "can the kaiser," and found themselves up in the snows of Archangel, ordered to fight Russian workers with whom they had no quarrel. They refused; and so did British troops ordered to embark at Folkestone, and French sailors in the Black Sea fleet. The foundations of world capitalism began to crumble, and in spite of the clamor of Marshal Foch and First Lord of the Admiralty Churchill and the other imperialists, the Russians had to be let alone to work out their terrifying experiment.

There will be a great difference the next time. There is now a pattern; and there is Russia sitting on the sidelines, fully armed, and knowing exactly what to expect and what to do. [Written before the Red Army stopped Hitler in Poland—EDS.] I undertook to answer the question "What next?" and the answer is now clear: the German workers and peasants, the Polish workers and peasants, and Hungarian and Rumanian and Yugoslav workers and peasants are going to revolt and call for the protection of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. That seems to me as certain as anything in human affairs can be.

WHAT WILL AMERICA DO?

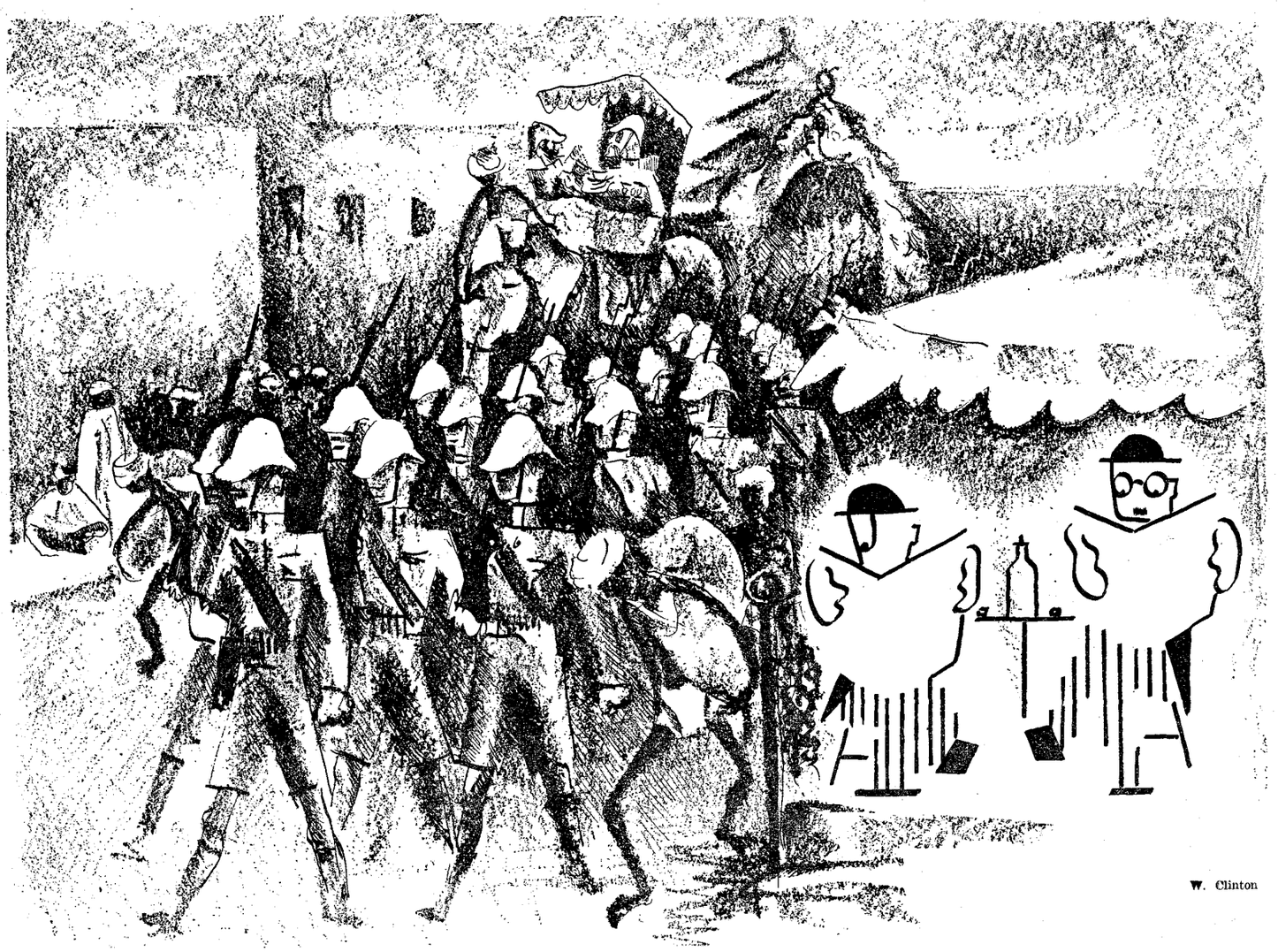
Understand my own position in this matter. All my thinking life I have been studying social forces and telling people that, whether we like it or not, we are going to be forced to adopt some form of cooperative economy. I have pleaded that it be done in an orderly and democratic way. But if no nation will take my advice, what can I do? Hating war and violence, I sit helpless and tell men what their actions will bring upon them. I tell you what is coming after this war, and invite you to consider what part we in America are going to play in these events.

The American people appear determined to keep neutral in this war. But will they stay that way to the end, no matter what may happen? There are many possibilities, and I will suggest only one of them for consideration. Suppose there should come towards the latter part of the war a wave of workers' revolts in Europe—are we going to help a second time to put them down? Are we going to help the Japanese to seize Vladivostok again? Are we going to help the British to seize Archangel again? Are we going to send Mr. Herbert Hoover with food, and let him bring in counter-revolution by the process of starving those who revolt and feeding those who honor the claims of our debt structure?

Maybe you do not recall that Mr. Hoover did that in Hungary in the year 1919. Our relief administrator himself was proud of it; his agent, Tom Gregory of California, told about it in a series of articles in *World's Work*. I only bring it up because history repeats itself, and this seems to me as certain to recur as anything on this planet. The starving workers and peasants of Central Europe are going to set up the old cry of "peace, land, and bread": three things which their warlords and landlords have denied to them. And straightway the National Association of Manufacturers and the American Legion, Mr. Hearst and Mrs. Dilling and Congressman Fish are going to set up their old cry: "Root out Bolshevism!"

This may seem to you a fantastic prophecy; but do what I ask—cut this out and save it, and read it again when the war is over!

UPTON SINCLAIR.



"The Manchester 'Guardian' says the Moscow menace means the end of civilization as we know it."

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What's to Become of Germany

Stefan Heym, as an anti-fascist German, considers the fate of Germany and her people after the present war. Who will overthrow the Nazi regime?

WHAT is to become of Germany after this war? The question is not mere speculation. It is a European question, a world question, concerning all of us. There is war today because in 1918 a basic solution for the German problem was not found.

Harold J. Laski has proposed an answer, in his article "The War Aims of British Labor," recently published by the *New Republic*. In contrast to Mr. Laski, may I state that I do not speak for any party or group. I am simply speaking as a German-American writer deeply concerned with the fate of my homeland.

Laski's proposals include the establishing of a sort of United States of Europe. An international conference is to be held after the war, to settle all outstanding international issues. Economic questions will be treated by the application of a mildly socialistic system. "They [the states of Europe] must agree to arrange for the rapid transfer to national ownership of the vital instruments of production, with reasonable compensation to existing owners," says Professor Laski.

THE GERMAN CAPITALISTS

Since Germany is very much a part of Europe, it will be an important part of that proposed union. I will restrict myself to discussing Germany and how Laski's proposals could be carried out there. The task of persuading the British capitalists to surrender their property I leave to Laski and the British Labor Party in whose name he speaks.

Germany has been ruled by a small clique of "barons" allied with the Junker landlords who, so to speak, commissioned Adolf Hitler and his million-minions. As Rauschning states in *The Revolution of Nihilism,* "the actual seizure of power . . . was nothing, if not a 'deal' . . . The new feature of Papen's plan [to put the Nazis into the German Cabinet], which remained essentially monarchist (i.e., based on the industrialists and the big landowners) was the idea of securing the support of the revolutionary mass movement of National Socialism. . . ." Rauschning is a conservative, a member of the ruling classes, an ex-Nazi, and his testimony on these questions is not likely to overemphasize the very restricted nature of the forces which brought Nazism to power.

Once and for all, National Socialism has nothing to do with socialism. Private ownership of the means of production prevails. And if Hitler destroys the middle classes, the small business men and the handicraftsmen, and regiments German economy in favor of the steel, coal, and munitions trusts, he is doing nothing socialistic. He is merely hastening an economic development germane to our age of monopoly capitalism wherein the larger entrepreneur squeezes out the smaller. Hitler's state is the state of Krupp and Thyssen, Borsig and Bosch, von Siemens and Wolff. This war is their war!

CHAMBERLAIN'S ROLE

Chamberlain says he is fighting Hitlerism. In other words, he pretends to fight the present capitalist order in Germany, after trying for so long a time to support it. But Chamberlain is the governing agent of the same class in Britain whose German counterpart had commissioned Hitler to be their chancellor. There is a contradiction between Chamberlain's public statements and his essence of being. Rightfully Professor Laski has some qualms about Chamberlain's ultimate purposes: "It [the Labor Party] is not convinced that the ends it has in view in seeking that overthrow [of the Hitler regime] are Mr. Chamberlain's ends."

Suppose Hitler is overthrown. He will not be overthrown by the politically dependent German generals (remember the case of von Fritsch) or by some bourgeois politicians. All of these are too closely identified with the regime. Even if these elements should attempt a putsch they would have no popular foundation for a government; and the putsch could quickly turn into a genuine revolution carried through by the people. In any event, it is the German people who will do the overthrowing.

But since Hitlerism is German capitalism, a revolution against Hitler necessarily becomes a revolution against capitalism. It is doubtful that the German people, remembering the abortive 1918-19 revolution and the "law and order" trickery by which it was suppressed, will stop short of finishing the job this time.

NO PARDON THIS TIME

It would be folly to expect that Herr Krupp von Bohlen-Halbach will be invited by his workers to sit down at a table with them, in order to be given a sizable check in whatever currency he may accept, for handing his factories over to society. The German workers have gone through the tragic failure of the Weimar republic and the horrors of Nazism —and if experience has taught them anything, it is that this time there can be no pardon. The fall of the German and Spanish republics proves that pardon of the ruling clique is the greatest crime against society.

Who can believe that the private owners of the means of production, even in a Germany beaten at war, would agree to hand over what they now own and control? They will resist to the bitter end, and a bitter end there will be. For after all, as Rauschning admits, Hitler was handed office "by arrangement from above" out of "the fear that the National Socialist masses might go over to the extreme left."

However, the illusion of a peaceful tea party to settle Germany's and Europe's problems is precisely what Harold Laski creates with his proposal for a "United States of Europe"—where everything is forgiven and forgotten. This tea party arrangement is not Laski's own idea. It was expressed several weeks before the publication of Laski's article by Wilhelm Sollmann, who is a member of the almost defunct Executive of the German Social-Democratic Party. It is obviously the wish-fulfillment dream of peaceful souls among the remnants of the Social-Democratic party machines all over the world.

INTERVENTION

Not only the Krupps and Thyssens will fight against a real revolution. Mr. Chamberlain will probably have to do the main part of this fighting. There must ensue a situation very similar to that after the previous war, when the French and British troops were called into the Rhineland by the industrialists of that region at the moment when the German Social-Democrats were no longer able to canalize the revolutionary activity of the Rhineland workers. If revolution comes in Germany, we will witness an attempt at intervention, under suitable guises, on the part of the Bank of England and the Comite des Forges to save their hard-pressed brethren in Germany. Naturally, the armies supposed to do the intervening must still be functioning.

Then the significance of the Soviet-German pact will become clear to everyone. Molotov, in his first speech before the Supreme Soviet, stressed the "friendship between the German people and the peoples of the USSR." He did not speak of friendship between Nazism and the Soviet government. Today there is a border between the Soviet Union and East Prussia, and the Soviets rule the Baltic Sea. The Allies may intervene to save German capitalism; but the German workers will have an ally too.

What is happening inside Germany now? All the reports, however scanty, agree that the Soviet-German pact has given a tremendous impetus to the underground movement. Suddenly the Nazi government admits the social strength and stability of the Soviet system. Hitler's *Voelkischer Beobachter* even explained in special articles how the Soviet system operates, and what a people's commissar is. However designed, these articles have given a fillip to countless discussions—discussions which previously resulted in concentration camps for the participants.

In addition we must realize that because

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of the present-day mechanized warfare, it is the skilled industrial workers whom the Nazis must entrust with key positions in the war machine.

THE GRAVE IS DUG

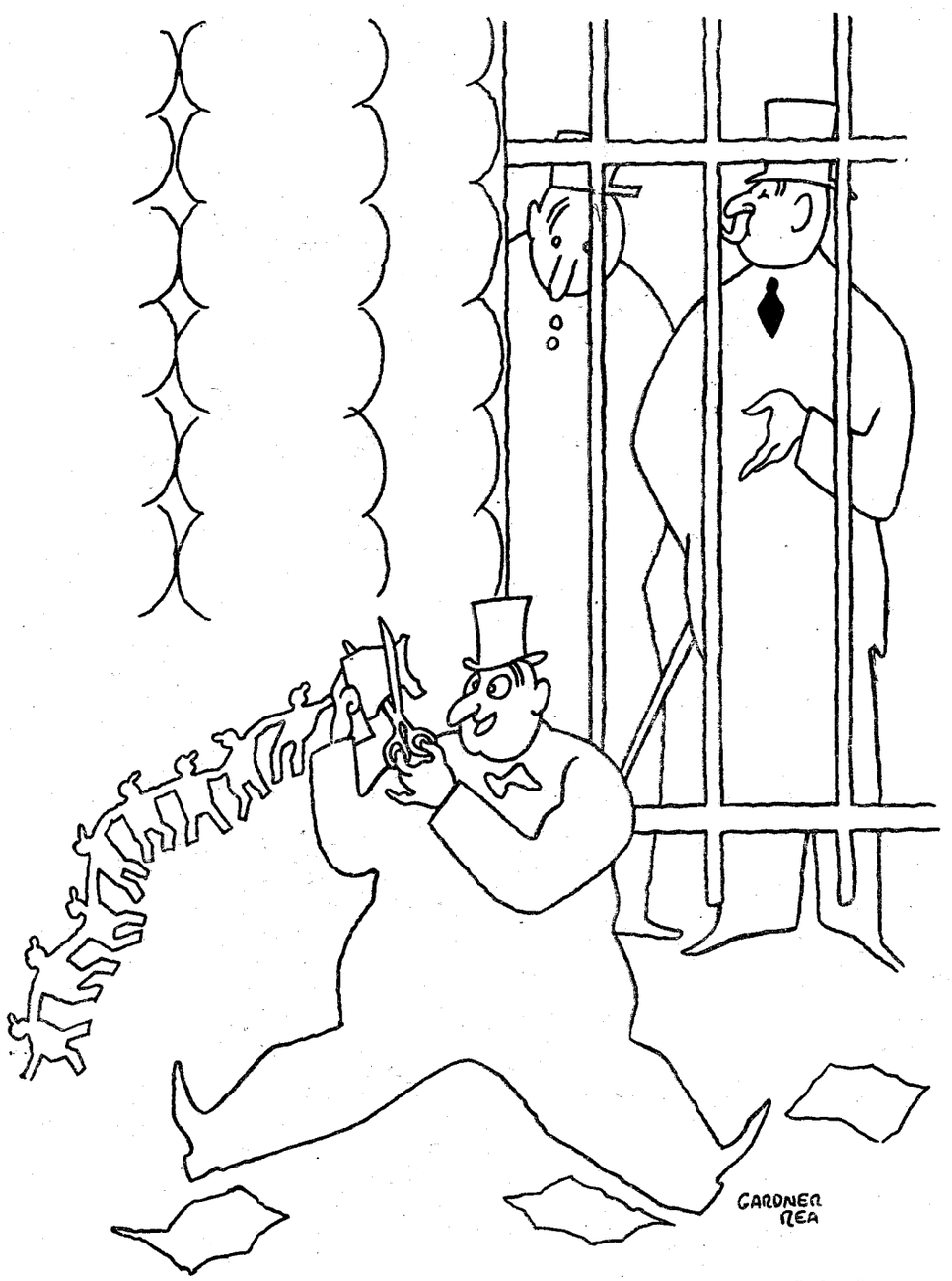
The Hitler government, by getting into war with its friend Chamberlain, and by making peace with its foe the Soviet Union, has dug the grave of its taskmasters, the German trusts. But digging the grave and putting the corpse into it are two different procedures; especially if the corpse is still very much alive. There is no doubt that this monster must be buried. It is responsible for all the years of misery, cruelties, and tortures, all the bloodshed. But under these circumstances "to summon an international conference to create permanent machinery to which shall be entrusted the task of proceeding with the larger scheme of European reconstruction" —as Laski suggests—is almost jocose. This conference is to be called as the "second installment" of a peace, after peace has been concluded, says Laski.

But who is to conclude the peace? And who is to call the conference? Obviously, the capitalist governments, since only in the "second installment" of the peace will socialism be discussed. Where is that capitalist who would consent to his government calling, nay, even participating in such a conference—except to sabotage it?

Professor Laski—and I mention him in place of hundreds of other more or less idealistic Laborites and Social-Democrats—forgets completely the question of state power. But this is the decisive question: Who is to have power? Whose representatives will make the peace and assemble to settle international economic problems? Will it be the representatives of those who began the war, or of the workers and farmers? If it is to be the latter (as Laski must wish) how and under what circumstances will they be able to do this? Laski plans to stay with the Labor Party in opposition, to guard "civil rights" in England, and to put his proposals before the electorate. But Chamberlain has announced that there will be no elections in Britain as long as war lasts. And even in by-elections, the *Economist* reports, it was agreed that the seat of the MP will remain with the party of the outgoing member. As for Germany, no democratic elections have been held there since 1933.

Europe's problems will be settled only by one of the two opposing forces: by the vast majority of the common working people, or by the infinitesimal minority of the present owners of the means of production. The kind of "order" arranged by the latter has led Europe into two wars. If lasting peace and a new social order are to be established, these owners must be replaced. The German workers and farmers, I believe, have learned this lesson.

STEFAN HEYM.



Gardner Rea

MAJOR NERTZ OF THE FASCIST SHIRTS

"Sound man, Woggsby! I understand he gives General Johnson most of his ideas."

They Call It a Fillip

BIG business is on a joyride and the coupon clippers are climbing aboard. War in Europe is bringing profits to American industry. The dice are loaded and the winnings go to the inner sanctum. The *Wall Street Journal* for October 16 writes: "A sharp earnings fillip brought on by the recent business upturn was emphasized by the report of General Electric for the third quarter which showed earnings double a year ago on a 16 percent gain in sales. At the same time, the translation of such *improved earnings in benefits to the stockholders* was seen in the extra dividends and resumption of payments by several leading companies."

Picking just a few of the budding boomsters at random: Du Pont declares earnings of $5.19 per share compared with $2.39 for the first nine months of 1938. Bethlehem Steel reports net profits for the third quarter equal to 72 cents per share compared with 61 cents in the previous quarter of 1939. Corn Products Refining paid a dividend of $1.50 per share in the first six months of the year and expects to exceed $2.50 per share on the basis of third quarter profits. American Telephone & Telegraph indicates a dividend of $2.39 per share for the quarter ending September 30, compared with $1.92 for the same period last year. United States Steel, the bigwig among the steelmakers, reports third quarter profits of $8.05 per ton compared with $7.75 in the previous period, an almost doubled rate of operations.

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A N E D I T O R I A L A R T I C L E

The Soviets Speak for Peace

Molotov charts the course of the USSR. The pattern of the future seen in his analysis of the past. A powerful reason for ending the war.

VYACHESLAV MOLOTOV's address to the Supreme Soviet of the USSR last week was much more than a summary of recent Soviet policy. It was an unusually clear projection of that policy for the whole period that lies ahead. Carefully read, indeed studied, as all such documents must be, the pattern of the future emerges in the analysis of the past. The adolescent sarcasm of American editorial comment contrasted sharply with the physical display for Molotov's remarks. Compelled to reflect the new, decisive strength of the Soviet position, the great minds of the "West" are nevertheless unable to cope (at least in public) with its rich essence and world implications.

Of primary importance, of course, is the characterization of the war: "the fear of Germany's claims to colonial possessions . . . is at the bottom of the present war . . . the fear of losing world supremacy dictates to the ruling circles of Great Britain and France the policy of fomenting war with Germany." Says the premier of the first socialist state, "The war promises nothing to the working class but bloody sacrifice and hardships." On this consideration alone, the Soviet Union restates its fundamental desire for peace and its interest in the cessation of hostilities.

With reference to Poland, two facts are of interest: first, the great quantity of materials which fell to the Soviet Union during the Red Army occupation. Molotov spoke of more than ten thousand machine guns, more than 300,000 rifles, more than three hundred airplanes captured by the Red Army alone. Considering what must have been taken by the Germans, this figure, in itself, is a measure of the profound disorganization, the inner corruption and misleadership that must have permeated the Polish armed forces. For it will be remembered that the Spanish republic rarely had more than two hundred planes during its entire thirty-two months' resistance; Dave Doran, political commissar of the International Brigade, was credited with averting disaster on the Aragon front in April 1938 by the mobilization of a *handful of machine gunners* who stalled the fascists until the republican troops completed their retreat.

NOT PREARRANGED

A second fact throws light on a question by which some people are still bothered: namely, whether the march into Poland was prearranged at the time that the non-aggression pact was signed. NEW MASSES in its issue of September 26 declared that *the sheer fact* of the march was for us proof of the non-existence of a concerted design upon Poland. For us, this was verified by the assassination of Rumania's Premier Calinescu, which went off like a firecracker upon the fifth of July, since the Red Army had just blocked the German advance toward the Rumanian border. Molotov himself says that "after the Red Army units entered the territory of the former Polish state, serious questions arose relating to the delimitation of the state interests of the USSR and Germany." That word "serious" is not fortuitous. He means "serious" questions arose, which proves ex post facto that Russian-German relations had not been settled in cut-and-dried form three weeks earlier.

RELATIONS WITH JAPAN

Most revealing for an understanding of the near future are the references to Japan. Here, Molotov stated frankly that the Soviet Union "looks with favor upon Japanese overtures" for a settlement of outstanding questions in the Far East. These are pregnant possibilities, in view of the admitted defeat for Japan on the Mongolian border, the gloomy perspectives for continued invasion in China, and the pressure from the United States as expressed in two sharp declarations by Ambassador Grew. Whether "the ground is sufficiently prepared in Japanese circles" remains to be seen. But a radical improvement of relations with the Soviet Union, involving reorientations on the part of Japan toward China—either these, or precisely opposite developments, are clearly in the cards.

Referring to Finland, Molotov took the occasion to reveal the specific proposals which have been the subject of negotiations in the past four weeks. "Under the outside influence on the part of third powers," the Finns have unnecessarily set their own people topsy-turvy, evacuating the populace, mobilizing troops, draining the Finnish treasury: all in the effort to create the impression that the Soviet Union is making inordinate demands upon Finnish integrity. Of course, the reverse is true, and the clean, honest, thrifty people of Finland can now see it.

The Soviet Union wants to purchase a few islands outside of Kronstadt; wants to lease a base at the port of Hangoe, opposite its present base at Port Baltic in Estonia, and asks for the cession of a strip of land to secure the strategic position of its second largest city: Leningrad. In return, the Soviet Union is prepared to offer the Finns help against aggression from a third party, the demilitarization of borders, the cession of twice as much land in Karelia, and a radical improvement of trade relations.

None of this compromises Finnish national independence, and Molotov explicitly scotched tall tales of designs upon Sweden or the Aland Islands. But this would serve to improve the economic position of the Finnish people, secure their homeland in their own interests as distinguished from those pro-British, pro-Nazi barons who are prepared to stake Finnish security in the roulette wheel of imperialist politics.

The attitude of the White House in this regard verges on the insolent. Making public Kalinin's praise of Roosevelt's initiative after the occupation of Praha is hardly relevant to the issue of Finland. The betrayal of Czechoslovakia, the invasion of Praha were the culmination of a long process of retreat before aggression. At that time the American demarche enhanced the possibilities of a peace front, which the Soviet Union supported. There is no valid analogy in the present Soviet attitude toward Baltic security. American intervention in this situation expresses more than an anti-Soviet bias: it creates new sources of intrigue, new areas of conflict, encouragement for the continuation and expansion of the war.

With a precision that will furrow many brows in Turkish as well as Allied chancelleries, Molotov made clear that the Soviet peace policy will "be pursued in the region of the Black Sea, too, confident that we will fully ensure its proper application as the interests of the Soviet Union, and the states friendly to the Soviet Union, demand." Observe, and bear in mind, the phrase "states friendly to the Soviet Union." It may include Germany, but not necessarily Germany alone.

GERMANY

Which brings us to the problem of Germany and the problem of peace. On the one hand, "the old concepts . . . are no longer applicable to the new situation . . . certain old formulas which we employed but recently and to which many people are so accustomed are now obviously out of date. . . ."

That is fundamental. For without the enlarged understanding which the Russians have achieved, none of us functioning in politics according to our lights will be able to make head or tail of what is happening, much less influence the course of events. Today, the overthrow of fascism in Germany (the task of the German people alone) cannot be understood except in the broader framework of a defeat for the imperialist world order: British, French, and German imperialism included.

A strong Germany [Molotov declared] is an indispensable condition for a durable peace in Europe. It would be ridiculous to think that Germany could simply be "put out of commission," and struck off the books. The powers that cherish this fool-

(Continued on page 20)

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The Secret Fighters

Edwin Rolfe, author of "The Lincoln Battalion," releases his hitherto unpublished wartime account of the "guerrilleros"—those Spanish republican soldiers who fought behind Franco's lines.

EARLY in the Spanish war, a large detachment of Spanish agricultural laborers, and peasants, led by miners of the Rio Tinto and other copper mines, took to the hills around Seville, entrenched themselves in the mountainous country of Spain's craggy southwest, and organized themselves as *guerrilleros*—partisan fighters. For months they harassed the advancing troops of Franco, equipping themselves with the German and Italian machine guns captured from Moorish troops advancing northward to Madrid. The damage they inflicted was considerable. On the Cordoba-Penarroya arterial road, they seized five trucks loaded with ammunition and provisions. Near the village of Espiel, they captured a Falangist field office, and with it a large number of trench mortars and machine guns. For twelve days the efforts of other partisans, operating in the east, kept railway communications between Malaga and Granada at a standstill.

It was not only in the southwest, but throughout the entire south—Estremadura, Andalusia, Cordoba, Seville, Malaga—that these partisan warriors kept the unequal struggle in the enemy's rearguard at an intense pitch. When one strong detachment was crushed, the survivors — profiting by their defeat — scattered and re-formed themselves as small, highly mobile units, roaming the countryside, receiving food and shelter from the sympathetic peasantry, engaging in lightning-swift attacks which delivered stinging punches at the fascist communications.

HARD ON THE FASCISTS

Around Barcarota, peasants and workers who had escaped the Badajoz bullring massacre crushed a detachment of rebels numbering six hundred men. Attacking the estates of large reactionary landlords, they escaped safely with horses and provisions. At one point, near Caceres, they tore up a railroad so skillfully that the damage was not discovered until a troop train of Italians, bound for Salamanca, was wrecked. Seven kilometers from Cordoba they blew up another troop train, killing three hundred fascists. They wrecked ten other trains in the same vicinity.

Incomplete information concerning the activities of these behind-the-lines fighters, who were able to replace their ancient hunting pieces with which they originally equipped themselves only after actual hand-to-hand fighting with Franco's troops, reveals that from December 1936 to September 1937 they wrecked 156 rebel troop trains, blew up ninety-one trucks with troops, and forty-three cars, six war factories and fifteen bridges. In addition they destroyed sixty-nine posts, ten railways, two munitions dumps, five waterworks, and four electric power stations.

To return to the Rio Tinto miners: They held out in their mountain strongholds for more than half a year, during which they established a system of liaison with the early militia groups fighting the fascists face to face. So advanced was this system of communication that they frequently received supplies and directions from government planes which flew over their encampments, dropping boxes filled with foodstuffs, supplies, and written directions.

THE INSURGENTS STRIKE BACK

Had not a fatal accident betrayed them, the Rio Tinto miners might be holding out today. But one plane overshot its mark; the box fell among enemy troops. Only then, confronted with the magnitude of this partisan resistance and with the more significant fact that perfect communication existed between them and the loyalist command, did the fascists completely awaken to their danger. They ceased to send small army units against the partisans, but took time off, mobilized a force composed of a heavy division of troops (twelve thousand men), perfectly equipped, with artillery and airplane arms, and proceeded, by sheer weight of men and arms, to crush the fighters of the hills.

This was a bitter lesson for the government —but it made itself felt so deeply that never again did the loyalists permit the existence of large, massed forces of *guerrilleros* behind the rebel lines. The entire emphasis changed —and *guerrillero* warfare became systematized, a well planned, well organized military arm of the government. The emergence of a regular army in the spring of 1937, replacing the catch-as-catch-can party and union militias, helped considerably. The famous *Quinto Regimiento*—the Fifth Regiment of Madrid—which numbered among its young lieutenants and captains such figures as Modesto, Lister, Campesino, Galan, and Carlos—set the example by voluntarily dissolving itself, to join the Army of the Republic of Spain. Other militia groups followed, and when Largo Caballero resigned, the transformation of the early fighting groups into the regular army was speeded up.

The *guerrilleros,* the heirs of the Rio Tinto miners, to this day carry out their dangerous tasks, day in, day out. They will continue, no matter what happens in Spain, in victory or defeat. For whatever we know of their methods, their history, the spirit which sends them despite constant casualties, deep into the enemy rearguard, we must thank two Americans who have just returned from Spain after two years during which few of the Americans knew them, few ever saw them. They worked alone, and to us in the Fifteenth Brigade their names and their exploits had the quality and the mystery of legend. We felt this way about no other Americans—because we knew them, and we knew their work. But the names of the two who returned —Irving Goff and William Alstrom—and the one who may never return—Alex Kuntzlich —are heroic names even to the volunteers, the men who rarely think in terms of "heroes."

Capt. Bill Alstrom left the United States on Feb. 6, 1937. He was twenty-one years old. Born of Finnish parents in New York's Harlem on July 30, 1915, he grew up as many other New York kids grow to manhood. His ancestry was visible in his face and his strong body: six feet two, blue eyes, a face which, even today—after two years as a *guerrillero* fighter, during which he has lived to be far older than his twenty-three years—remains the face of a good-natured, easy-going boy. But his appearance is deceptive, as anyone who speaks with him, who feels his inflexible will, and listens to his mature words will immediately sense.

In New York he had been a bank boy, a soda jerker, a newsboy. He had worked as a motorcycle dispatch rider, and in a typographical shop. He was going ahead, studying, working, learning, when he put all of that behind him on Feb. 6, 1937, to go to Spain, to fight. Eight days later he was in Spain. And two days after his arrival he was lost behind enemy lines. After six days he found his way back to the loyalist positions, or you would never have heard his story.

IRVING GOFF

His adjutant, Lieut. Irving Goff, is also a New Yorker by birth, but with as completely different a background as it is possible to imagine. Goff went to Spain at the advanced age of twenty-five, after a life which he never suspected would lead him into guerrilla warfare. He was born in Brooklyn, on Aug. 29, 1911. After high school, he earned his living for five years as an adagio dancer. He played all the Broadway houses, and toured the United States as a vaudevillian for five years, catching, hurling, balancing his partner on the amazingly broad shoulders and powerful legs which kept him going in the southern Spanish sierras when any of a hundred other men would have dropped of exhaustion. He's small, compared to Bill Alstrom—only five feet six or seven—his face is darker, more indelibly lined. In almost every way he is the exact opposite of Bill Alstrom—yet they formed a perfect team, together, in a form of warfare which few survive.

When Bill Alstrom arrived in the little town in central Spain to which all international volunteers were sent preparatory to

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GUERRILLEROS. *A group of loyalist partisan fighters, photographed at Jaen in southern Spain, then loyalist territory, after sixty days of being lost and isolated behind the Franco lines. Two members joined the group in fascist territory. The commander is in the center.*

their incorporation in the army, he was as raw and as green a recruit as any of the young Americans who accompanied him. He might very easily have entered the young Lincoln Battalion, and gone into action with it in the Jarama Valley less than a week later. He might have been one of the men who stormed Suicide Hill, one of the dozens who fell under the withering machine-gun crossfires on February 23 and February 27, when the Americans attacked, and the fascist advance along the valley toward the Madrid-Valencia highway was stopped. Maybe it was his height that impressed somebody. "Or maybe because I told them my people were Finnish, and the Finns are a rugged people, good at guerrilla work."

"AFRAID TO DIE?"

At any rate, he was approached by an officer, who took him aside. Alstrom tells the story now with great relish, remembering perfectly how he felt when he was questioned as follows:

"Are you afraid to die?"

"Who, me?"—but a bit disturbed at the bluntness of the question—"No. Why would I have come here?"

"Good. The type of work I have in mind is for people who aren't afraid to die."

Alstrom to this day can imitate the gulp with which he answered that statement.

"Can you handle a knife?"

"Yes, of course, sure I can" (thinking of pen knives).

"I want you to know these things. People in this kind of work may or may not live more than one or two months."

A less rugged youngster would have passed out. "I was thoroughly scared," Alstrom says. "Imagine me, fresh from New York, eight days away from my home and folks, and that guy asking me those questions. I was scared—but you can't say no, when a guy asks you 'Are you afraid to die?' And that's how I became a *guerrillero*."

Two days later, Bill Alstrom went out on his first job. It was on the southern front, during the fascists' Pozoblanco offensive. The loyalist lines were thinly held in those days, to enable as many men as possible to take part in the fighting along the Madrid front; and the lines cracked. Bill found himself, in his first battle, in the midst of a chaos of running figures. "It's easy to know, now, what I should have done. Our lines were giving way, retiring to more tenable positions further back. But I didn't know that. As a matter of fact, I could scarcely distinguish between our men and the enemy. What proved to be my momentary undoing was my book-larnin'. I remembered something I'd read in an old military manual—something about good soldiers knowing how to take cover. So I took cover—found myself in an easily adequate foxhole. I don't remember how long I stayed there, but pretty soon I realized I was behind fascist lines. I wandered around for six days afterward, and finally crossed back into our own lines at a point forty kilometers north of where the attack had taken place. All this time I was without food and water. I came back, dirty, starved, thirsty, without strength.

"At that, it was the best kind of initiation I could possibly have had for the work I was going to do for the next two years."

GOFF'S STORY

Irving Goff's initiation was not as sudden. He left the States two weeks after Alstrom did, on February 20. His was a longer transatlantic voyage. And he didn't reach Spain until the seventeenth of March. He was immediately assigned to the service at which most Americans excel any European—transport. He remained in transport for eight months, attached to the International Brigade base in Albacete until December 1937 when, on his own insistence, backed by his record, he found his way into the ranks of the *guerrilleros*. From that time on the stories of Bill Alstrom and Irving Goff become intertwined. Occasionally they went out on separate "jobs," but they were always in the same group, and they always knew (or hoped they knew) where the other was.

Two days after Goff joined the *guerrilleros* he was sent out on his first action.

"No training at all," says Goff. "I just hung around the camp, getting acquainted with the others. All of them were Spanish. Then someone came up suddenly at dusk of the second day, looked at me and a number of others, and said 'Anda!' ('Okay, let's go!') They gave me an extra pair of *alpargatas*—rope-soled canvas sandals—gave me a huge pack to throw over my shoulders, loaded me with hand grenades. I must have had eight or ten of them hanging from my belt and stuck in my coat buttonholes.

"Then they put us in a truck, and we started out.

"In less than an hour we got out at the foot of a mountain. It wasn't too dark to see, and that mountain looked higher than any I'd ever seen, even higher than the Pyrenees when I'd crossed over from France into Spain.

" 'Where are we?' I asked.

" 'Enemy territory,' one of my young Spanish comrades said, and let it go at that.

"I didn't have time to think about it much because we started out immediately. First we climbed that mountain. Then we went down the other side. We crossed rivers, leaped ditches, crossed enemy parapets. We walked forty kilometers till we reached Cordoba. All the time I had that heavy pack on my shoulders, and I stumbled, fell into mud and water, into irrigation ditches. Nobody ever noticed that the pack began to feel like tons on me, especially after a few immersions in water. Then we walked the forty kilometers back to where we'd started from. I carried out my part of the job automatically, almost unconsciously. We blew up a troop

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train carrying Italian soldiers going on leave. I'm still vague on the actual details because I was so completely knocked out. When we got back I was dead on my feet. I kept telling them, 'Give me water, give me water.' But there was no water around so they gave me *vino*. I gulped down mouthful after mouthful of it, and got drunk, and slept it off. After that I couldn't walk for three days."

After a few weeks with the *guerrilleros,* Goff began to harden to the work as Alstrom had before him. He began to know the work, to realize the scope of the organization of which he, and so many others, were part. His jobs, unlike that first one, began to take on shape and meaning. Like any soldier in any military unit, he acquired a knowledge and almost a fifth sense of the dangers. The actual ones, not the imagined ones which make war so fearful and at times so romantic to the man who has never been near a battlefield.

To the man entering his first action there is no shape, no reason, no direction to battle. Almost everything is bewildering or frightening or both—the noises and the sounds have no beginnings and no ends. One goes through his first taste of fire almost automatically, if he is lucky, or by an almost superhuman effort of will. But then—after the first hours or days have gone, and he has survived, a man separates his fears, charts and maps all threats to his life and to his effectiveness as a soldier. He begins to separate the sounds, categorize the dangers. He gets to know the different noises the bullets make when they scream or crack past him. He memorizes, deep in him, the difference between a shell ripping by, or a bomb tearing downward. The lead which tears the leaves of trees over him holds few dangers, and if he thinks of it at all, he calculates idly about the possibility of a bullet ricocheting downward after striking a hard branch. He knows what is dangerous, and often to what degree. When one knows this, and when one is really a man, when one has, as the Spaniards say, *cojones,* he is master of himself, aware of his purpose, ready even for those flukes which kill men and can never be charted or predicted, ready even to say "I'm going to die"—and feel not always unafraid, but almost calm about it.

The dangers of *guerrillero* warfare have a different quality from those which confront an infantryman. A simple illustration: an infantry battalion in battle always has, theoretically, other battalions at its flanks, always has at least a second line behind it. Contact is, under most conditions, assured, both with the right and left flanks and the rear. The danger is ahead, where the enemy faces you. The greatest dread of the infantryman and the infantry officer is a movement of the enemy which turns and thereby destroys your flanks, permitting an enemy force to cut through behind you, outflanking you. Members of the Lincoln Battalion, who remember that this happened to them during the March-April retreats, know this well, know how tragic its results can be.

But a *guerrillero* detachment is *always* outflanked. Its movements are conditioned without thought of flanks, because they are always in enemy territory—with the enemy on all sides. Thus the greatest possible disaster which may befall an infantry unit is the *sine qua non* of warfare to the *guerrillero.*

Both Alstrom and Goff, in their separate initiations, soon became aware of this, trained themselves with this condition always in mind, learned to understand the people and to know the earth, the terrain, in which they worked, as intimately as they knew their rifles.

They were not the romantic and isolated *guerrilleros* of the early days, of the Rio Tinto miners and the hardy refugees from Franco's great act of Christian piety, the never-to-be-forgotten Badajoz bullring. The *guerrilleros* were now so well organized that all were directed by the government's general staff, all belonged to a regular army corps. Within this army corps, just as in the famous Fifth Army Corps of Lister, the organization was broken down to its component parts: there were the divisions, then the brigades, then the battalions, and finally the companies.

But while a regular army division contains from ten to twelve thousand men, and a brigade from 2,500 to three thousand, the very nature of *guerrillero* work, with its stress on mobility and invisibility, made the corresponding *guerrillero* units far smaller, though not less important. Their own capacity alone decided how great or small a role they could play in the general course of the war.

EDWIN ROLFE.

The second part of Mr. Rolfe's article will appear in a forthcoming issue.

Mischa Richter

"Mother, are we International Bankers?"

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God Better Save the King

As the English people feel the full effect of their own government's war upon them, their protest grows.

O Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. . . .

So wrote Wordsworth, 137 years ago when Britain girded herself for war against Napoleon. Whether, as a matter of fact, even Milton's passionate pentameter could adequately describe the fen in which England finds herself, at least one thing is clear, even if muted in the American press: life in England has become more miserable since the war broke. To be sure, the duke of Gloucester is reported acting like a "real soldier and by no means a mere royal ornament"; David, of Windsor, projects his cheerful patriotism in the newsreels regularly; a chamber in Buckingham Palace itself has been set aside in which Queen Liz quite democratically joins her palace servants "sewing surgical dressings for the Red Cross," the captions say.

But last Wednesday, in the House of Commons, the minister of food supply, Mr. Morrison, announced that beginning with mid-December a weekly ration of butter and bacon will be instituted. Five rashers of "short back" will be allowed, cut on the No. 5 gauge of the ordinary slicing machine. No matter how you slice it, however, it's still an imperialist war. Just as the basic guilt lies on both sides, so the butter is equally rationed: four ounces per week in England as in Germany. With great satisfaction Morrison declared that rationing of sugar would be unnecessary, for some time. Likewise, "for the present" rationing of meat, margarine, and cooking fats is not being considered. But the ration books will be mailed to all residents over six years of age. Each housewife will have to register with a particular merchant; commodities can be purchased only at that particular store.

While the war against the enemy abroad hangs fire, the peculiar blitzkrieg of "Western civilization" proceeds against the people at home. Since September 1, the cost of living rose by ten points, twelve points in food alone, "all the more disquieting," says the *New Statesman and Nation,* "because that occurred under state control." Sugar prices jumped 47 percent; fish, 29 percent; fresh eggs by 19 percent; while clothing, bacon, and butter have jumped 7, 10, and 12 percent respectively.

There is the usual blarney in the government's new price control bill in which prices will be adjusted against their level of August 1. But it is universally admitted that effective administration of the bill or prosecution for violations is almost impossible.

Meanwhile, the ARP (Air Raid Precautions) is functioning miserably. The government is reluctant to spend the necessary pounds to provide adequate shelter for the millions that need it. On the other hand, there have been no air raids, except occasional flurries in Scotland (in which the anti-aircraft guns went off before the air raid sirens, to the great disgust of the populace). But there have been rains of course, and a revealing cartoon in the London *Daily Worker* shows an irate husband and complaining wife, sitting on top of the metal shelter (fully exposed to the bombers), while the water floods the interior. "Well," the tortured husband explodes, "if you know of a better shelter . . . !!"

Meanwhile the government's allowances for the evacuated children and the families of men in military service are causing a storm. A mother and her four children will be getting an allowance of 35 shillings a week (about $7) which, says the *New Statesman and Nation,* "is plainly inconsistent with the minimum nutritional needs of the larger families, and markedly ungenerous even for families of more normal size."

"I can tell from my own experience," said Mr. Lawson, Labor MP for Chester-le-Street, in Parliament recently, "that there is nothing in the last war that I feared more than the effect of the small allowance on my wife. When it came to my knowledge that my wife had to work in the potato fields to keep the children, nothing made me more indignant or gave me more pain. If this gets a grip on the soldiers, it will be worth many a battle to the enemy."

The blackout against the air raids that fail to come off arouses even more widespread irritation. The penalties of the blackout have been exacting a heavier toll than the war itself. The Royal Oak, for example, went down with 810 men, including an admiral, torpedoed by one of those U-boats which were permitted to Germany by the Anglo-German naval agreement of 1935. That agreement, lest we forget, was considered a major stroke of British policy: *it provided that German submarines be built equal to the tonnage of the whole of the British Commonwealth.*

Torpedoes aside, 1,130 people were killed on the British lanes and highways in traffic accidents during the month of September. That is 100 percent more than September of last year. The great proportion of these were pedestrians and cyclists, among them 107 individuals less than fifteen years of age.

EDUCATION

What is happening to education in England (costing 50,000,000 pounds of the taxpayers' money) gets under the skin even more. With the evacuation of children from the big cities, the problem arises: how are they going to get their education? As a concession, the government has just decided to open one-third of the London schools, the rest remaining closed at least until Christmas. But once the schools are opened, the government fears, the drift back into the cities will be accelerated and all the fancy civil defense schemes knocked into a cocked hat.

The full story of the fiasco of leading the little children into the countryside never gets into the New York *Times* Sunday magazine section, but "Critic," writing in his weekly column in the *New Statesman and Nation,* says:

> What an extraordinary spectacle this is! Thousands of children in the towns with no place to go, playing in the streets by day, and often, not so innocently by night. No organization, no discipline, nothing to interest or guide them. . . . But something is being done, something strangely unorganized and primitive. Parents are being asked to lend a room for lessons and small classes are organized in them. I have just come across a teacher who is authorized to walk about the streets, find children playing, and ask them whether they would like to come to school. Having collected a contingent, he takes them to a house and gives them lessons, and then gives another half a dozen a turn of school. Sometime he collects the children around a pile of sandbags. . . As one woman remarked the other day: It's a perfect scream of a war!

This kind of thing is rousing a formidable movement of protest, finding its expression in an increasing demand for stopping the war, alongside of a general movement for an increase in wages. All of the great unions—railwaymen, miners, spinners, transport workers—are making demands for meeting the cost of living. As might be expected, the government is playing with all the old phony stunts: pinning wage levels, for example, to the cost-of-living indices: the indices to exclude food (the most important item of the worker's budget) and to be determined by the government itself.

VOICES FOR PEACE

Equally important is the rising tide of voices for peace: G. B. Shaw shouting, "Cease fire; turn up the lights . . ." with forty Labor candidates, the delegates of eighteen thousand Lanarkshire miners, the Ayrshire Federation of the Labor Party representing fifty thousand, the Scottish cooperative movement, and more. Three weeks ago the Gallup poll reported 25 percent of the British people opposed to the war. Just the other day, another poll, sponsored by the *News-Chronicle,* showed that 44 percent of the people want the Allied war aims clarified, while only 29 percent said that the aims were clear enough now.

In a situation of this kind, fraught with so many possibilities for unifying and strengthening the position of the Labor Party and the working class generally against the Old School Tie rulers, the Trades Union Con-

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gress has just offered to suspend all meetings of its executive council for the duration of the war. That might have been expected. After all, Sir Walter Citrine was returned from a meeting of the International Federation of Trades Unions in Paris (where bringing the Scandinavian labor behind the Allies was discussed) in no less regal a fashion than on a French warship!

But an even more remarkable abdication of the democratic process is being proposed. The government in its Emergency Powers Bill suggests the postponement of all local elections and registration in order, as Sir John Anderson put it, "to banish needless controversy." The spokesmen for the Labor Party fully acquiesce in this proposal: they merely request that at the close of hostilities a general election be held so that the people may pronounce themselves on the terms of peace. Quite gratuitously the Labor Party has already offered to forego by-elections. Even the liberals are amazed at this. One journal points out that in the general election of 1918, the electorate was swept off its feet by the hysterical cry: *Hang the Kaiser! Make Germany Pay!* The chances for expressing the sentiment of labor at the end of the war is obviously a function of how effectively labor fights against the war, and all of its works every minute that it continues.

What does it add up to? Rising prices, traffic deaths, ARP blunders, moratorium on education, blackout of democracy, opposition to the war. Shall we, then, three thousand miles removed, support a conflict of which the British people themselves have such grave misgivings? JOSEPH STAROBIN.

Memo to ALP Leaders

"AS THE eighth week of the war opens," says G. H. Archimbault, correspondent for the New York *Times*, ". . . the French have reverted to the situation that obtained at the outset of hostilities, retaining on German soil only a few observation posts."

So far as France is concerned [Mr. Archimbault continues] this war has proved the falsity of every anticipation. It was supposed in the early days of the campaign that it would be marked by great aerial combats and attempts to hinder the mobilization and concentration. Nothing of this sort happened.

It was supposed in the first weeks that there would be fought a great battle in which the bulk of both armies would be engaged. Instead nothing more than skirmishes occurred prior to last Monday when the French outposts withdrew and the Germans advanced in force behind them. . . .

It was supposed that the transportation of British forces would be marked by great German aerial activity and submarine activity. Instead troops crossed the channel without a single incident.

Nothing has happened as expected. Not a bomb has been dropped on French soil. French losses have been infinitesimal compared with the number of men mobilized. At the front the general complaint is of boredom and the men clamor for footballs, checkerboards, and detective stories to while away the time.

Yet two mighty armies continue to face each other. What does it all mean?

Relief Quits Toledo

What happens to an American city when the local government cuts off relief and WPA is slashed. Starvation in the United States.

THE streets of Toledo stretch like blades of an outspread fan from the rivet of a cluttered downtown district to the sprawly grandeur of the well-to-do fringes, soldered together by intervening sections of squalor and dilapidation. In these midtown slum areas live great chunks of the city's colored population, 90 percent of whom have subsisted for years on WPA or home relief. Negro folk have been hard hit by the depression which has, according to official sources, relegated 28 percent of the heads of families in the city to the scrapheap of the unemployed.

It was in this mean province of ramshackle dwellings, their unpainted porches jutting out on the sidewalk like rheumatic knees, that I met Mrs. Margerie S——. She was slumped back in an enormous and very musical rocker, crossing her bony little knees, staring with that hard bitter stare people get after having for years lived a precarious existence—glad now of any hole to lay one's head, happy to stall off a vehement landlord another day, anxiously trusting that something or other may turn up before the eighteen-month deadline for WPA brings their last lingering hold on life to the chopping block. In matter-of-fact tones she recounted a tragedy of the previous week:

No, my mother didn't die of starvation. She was sick. A stroke. Got it last spring and wasn't much good after then. From WPA she got on relief. Had four kids to take care of. Relief, you know, was cut off from September 16. City had no more money. My mother got nothin' much after that but a little gov'ment surplus: sweet potatoes, flour, beans—mighty little o' them, too. She'd no money. She couldn't get the special kind o' food the city doc ordered that she should have.

Hadn't paid rent for over five months, too. One day the landlord come demanding his money. No money. "You'll have to git then," he said.

This worried my mother. What would she do with her children? Couldn't move in where I was 'cause I've got three of my own an' we live in two rooms. She lived on beans an' batter-cakes and sometimes got somethin' from the neighbors. At the relief office there was nothin' an' no one could tell her when there might be. She was worried over them poor kids. The mornin' of the day she died she borrowed two eggs from next door. The eggs were found in the cupboard after she was dead. Died of a second stroke, city doc said. . . . No, it wasn't starvation. I asked the city doc an' he said it wasn't. Just gettin' a poor kind o' diet for her sickness, that's all. An' the eviction of course. But it wasn't of hunger she died, poor thing.

Her story, I knew, was typical of the stories told by pride-saving folk who have been nuzzling the economic bottom in Toledo for years. They suffer, endure, freeze their faces, are seized with sudden and violent diseases, die—but never of hunger. At least the city doctor and the coroner deny as a rule that hunger had had much to do with such cases. Of course, there is the matter of special diet—but then. . . .

In Toledo there are 35,000 persons on the relief rolls. The amount of WPA employment since the beginning of the Republican state regime this year, has shrunk from 28,000 to sixteen thousand. With swollen relief rolls the financial state of the city has become critical. The city now owes $800,000 to wholesale grocery houses for advances to relief agencies.

The grocery men are demanding their money. The persons on relief are demanding food. And the city treasury is flat as a pancake. Even the local papers, reticent on the delicate subject of relief, admit the situation to be critical but add, with some satisfaction, that no deaths from starvation have occurred.

On September 13 the City Council voted more than $2,000,000 to retire principal and interest due on outstanding bonds. Three days later it was announced that the city was broke. Relief administrations reduced their personnel. The school board announced that a thousand underfed and underclad school children would soon have to abandon their studies unless something was done. Four hundred eviction notices were on file at the marshal's office for execution within thirty days. And not a red cent in the coffers!

MOCK WAR ON HUNGER

Even the Toledo *Blade*—a romping ground for the brain-busting ideas of Paul Block, its proprietor—admitted the situation was grave. Its flame-throwing editorials tried hard to create an impression that a major assault on the dread enemy—hunger—was in the making. It was like gossip trickling from the Maginot Line. One heard of patrol penetrations into dangerous legal territory, of Christian artillery about to open its belching fire, of heroic politicos scouting out the lay of the land among the foothills of a problem everyone feared might have explosive consequences.

A proposal to raise $800,000 by deficiency judgments was bruited. Legal experts sped to consult with legal experts. Public optimism was placed under a heavy strain as days telescoped into weeks, weeks ran into more weeks of expectant waiting.

In the midst of these difficulties the city manager, John N. Edy, patron of Toledo bondholders, resigned to take a government job at a salary substantially under the $1,000 a month Toledo had paid him for impressing the principles of sound Republican economy on the bellies of the city poor.

The City Manager League and kindred organizations wined and dined the retiring manager in the Commodore Perry Hotel on

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the eve of his departure. Outside the hotel building two hundred men and women collected, defying the thin drizzle that sent needles of chill through their flimsy clothes, to parade under the glare of the marquee, bearing such handwritten signs as "Inside They Feast—Outside We Starve." Their presence probably did not interfere with the fizz in the oratory or with the alcoholic back-slapping within. After an hour or two the police requested the pickets to disband. There was no trouble.

The Toledo *Blade* on the following day was fulsomely expansive on the ceremonial aspects of good food and drink. It maintained discreet silence about the two hundred half-starved pickets whose presence that night on the sidewalk seemed the one unlaid ghost of an otherwise flawless Republican regime.

MORE RUMORS

To out-of-town papers it seemed the story of the year was about to pop. Toledo workers have been known for their militancy. Would they starve now lying down? Reporters prowled about the town, held their ears to the ground, found news as ungettable as a war correspondent seeking the lowdown on a war to save democracy.

It was reported that Toledo was picked to be the guinea pig of a new experiment in handling relief the Republican way. It had gone Republican in the elections last year. Did this not mean the city folk had voted to discontinue WPA, to curtail relief, to return to the rugged days when mass starvation was held to be a purely individual affair, outside the pale of state or federal intervention?

There were no jobs. Now there was no relief. Why not try the device of mental healing? Big steamy headlines in the *Blade* and the *Times* appeared daily, attempting apparently to catalyze the residues of hope into inexpensive vitamins of a childlike faith in the future—and in the stewardship of the Republicans. Faith might yet produce miracles. But the fatiguing phrases suggested the strain on headline jugglers whose ingenuity already was showing signs of cracking beneath the pressure of momentous events in Europe.

A wartime censorship was in the meantime clamped on the clandestine moves being made by the hungry folk themselves. It was feared that they might decide to pool their common grievances—an ugly possibility, with city elections only a few weeks away. No account of their doings seemed worthy of publicity. They appeared to represent guerrilla bands refusing to cooperate with the regular staff. What they were up to under the smoke and blather of the city's economic no-man's land was left a taunting mystery.

But the fact was daily becoming more obvious that mental treatments did not reach the stomach. From all sides was heard an un-American demand for work and food. Unnerved by the angry faces that glared at them from the side of the council chamber reserved for the public, councilmen began to hold their sessions at unstated hours, publishing a meeting time only to serve as a decoy.

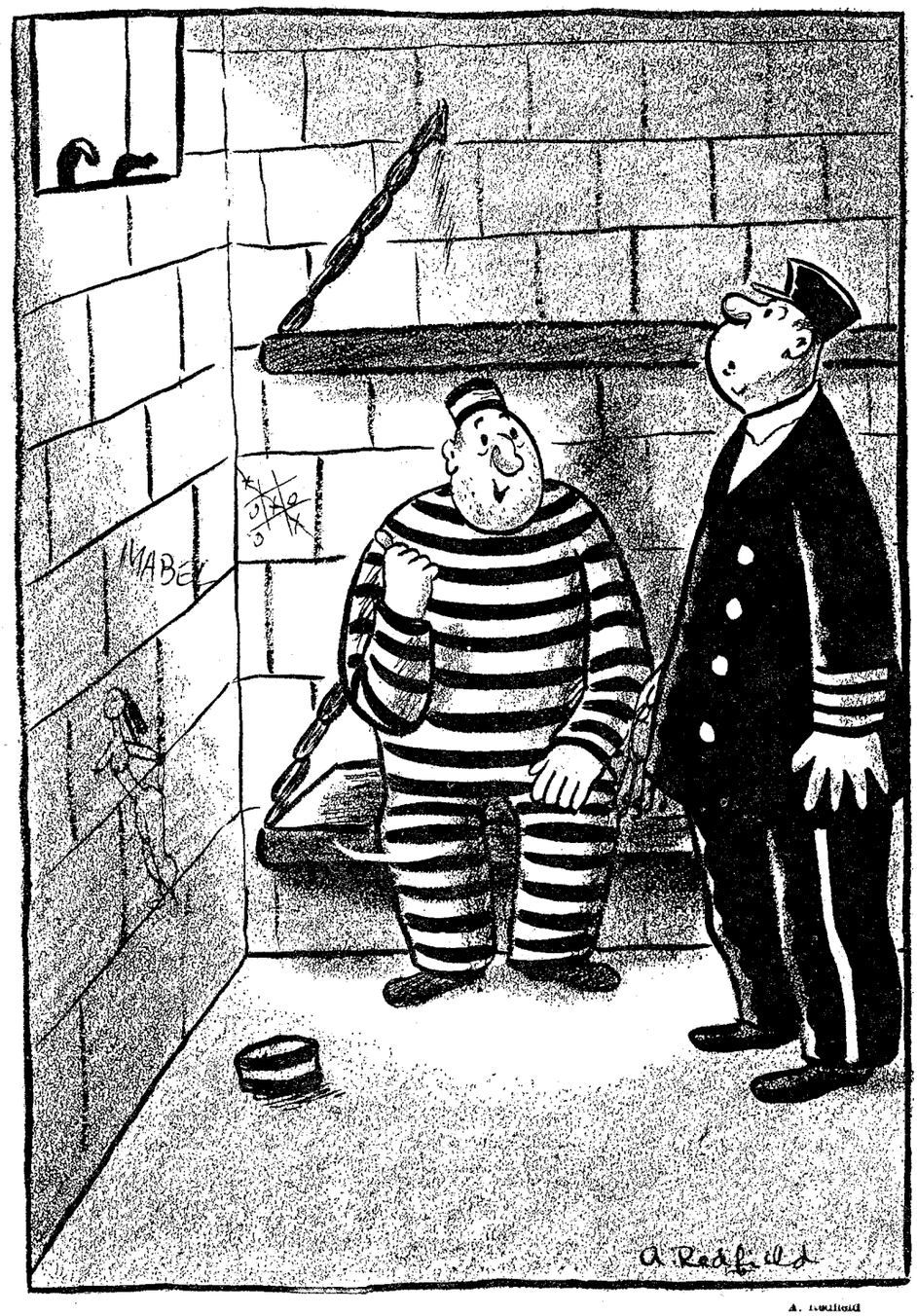
Starving folk carried their appeals to churches and civic organizations. Parks became meeting grounds. It seemed for a while the old stump-speaking days were being revived in a city where street-speaking has long been banned as an impediment to street traffic. Suggestions by speakers that the hungry prepare to "take stores" were hailed. Raids on chain stores are not new in Toledo. They may break out any day again. Patience was being exhausted. Something would have to be done.

One afternoon a man and his wife and their thirteen children, ignoring the bedraggled rainbow of dim hope held out in the headlines of the day's papers, marched into police headquarters and stated they had been starving for some days. A tender-hearted cop handed the unfortunate husband and father a dollar bill. No one knew what became of the family afterward. No one cared.

A father of five, on another day, found the solution to his domestic worries by leaping from a bridge into the Maumee River. The papers suggested that he was probably demented at the time. Had been out of work for years.

The dead body of a man was found hanging from the limb of a tree in the backyard of a downtown residential section.

Each day, crushed, embittered folk stray into the hall of the Workers Alliance, debating the respective merits of the water cure in the Maumee as against the mental treat-



"Hophead asked to be excused. He had to testify before the Dies committee."

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ments proffered by the press and the politicos.

Touched by the conspicuous misery, even the *Blade* published a heart-writhing editorial which stressed the neglected virtues of charity and giving till it hurts. Many hoped it might receive attention from the heads of the Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Co. who had just announced spectacular profits for the first nine months of the year. They soon concluded, however, that great gaps separate the world of giving-till-it-hurts from that of taking-till-it-hurts.

Last spring the CIO and the AFL hacked away substantial portions of the membership of the Workers Alliance and formed rival WPA workers' auxiliaries of their own. It meant that three organizations were henceforth to operate in the field of the unemployed and the quasi-employed. Personal issues came up in each of the organizations, making cooperation with its rivals increasingly difficult. The AFL auxiliary is toying with the notion of starting a cooperative which would give work to its portion of the unemployed. The CIO hopes to achieve a solution through municipal politics. The Workers Alliance alone has organized picketlines, called for mass meetings, and attempted to dramatize the relief crisis before the public.

The Alliance auxiliary operates a kitchen where pickets are given two squares a day. The food is donated by friendly merchants. Picketlines placed before various public buildings and their political agencies do not allow the public to forget that the situation remains critical.

The new city manager, George Schoonmaker, impressed by the urgency of matters, began his administration by scraping the financial pot and hurling humanitarian defiance at legalists who would denounce his unorthodox stratagems of raising money. He returned a contribution of $200 to the city police with the addendum that relief nowadays is not to be met by private charity. His utmost efforts resulted in enabling the city to feed a maximum number of three thousand for a space of three weeks. Would the governor act to call the State Legislature in special session to cope with the emergency?

THE GOVERNOR'S ANSWER

Gov. John W. Bricker has stated, in response to pressure from Toledo, that relief was largely a local problem—that the city had failed to adopt a relief levy in a citywide referendum recently—that therefore the situation was not as critical as Toledo would have him believe. He saw no reason to summon the Legislature. Phrases were mumbled about public economy, a balanced budget—phrases whose sardonic significance is rapidly growing apparent to the most dull-witted.

Labor's Non-Partisan League of the city is running a list of five candidates for City Council at the present elections on an anti-starvation program. All are pledged to support a comprehensive relief program which would include relief expenditures within the orbit of the city's general operating budget. The real estate board of the city has refused a request to rent part of a downtown building as campaign quarters to the league, although one generous soul offered a cramped bit of downtown space for three weeks if the league could pay him $250!

The city's two dailies are both Paul Block-controlled and form an impenetrable wall between the labor candidates and the public. Meeting notices are carefully hidden among lesser items. No news mention is made of labor candidates or their plans or the progress of their campaign. But labor is seeking its own path, using all the weapons at its disposal—meetings, circulars, house-to-house campaigning. Lack of funds seriously hampers its appeals over the radio. But no one is discouraged. The situation is seen as a challenge. A victory would be a vast forward step in solving the chronic relief problem that is now more acute than ever.

ED FALKOWSKI.

Lindbergh's Fascism

THERE can no longer be any doubt as to the direction of the political flight which Col. Charles Lindbergh has been making. His article in the November *Readers Digest* speaks even more plainly than his two recent radio speeches. The words, apparently written for him by Mrs. Lindbergh, are winged, but the goal is the dark desert of fascism. The article is saturated with the blood and race mysticism of the Nazis. He writes:

> And while we stand poised for battle, Oriental guns are turning westward, Asia presses towards us on the Russian border, all foreign races stir restlessly. It is time to turn from our quarrels and to build our white ramparts again. . . . Our civilization depends on a united strength among ourselves; on a strength too great for foreign armies to challenge; on a Western wall of race and arms which can hold back either a Genghis Khan or the infiltration of inferior blood; on an English fleet, a German airforce, a French army, an American nation, standing together as guardians of our common heritage, sharing strength, dividing influence.

Translating this lofty bit of Nazi verbiage into the language of practical politics, Lindbergh wants war against the USSR and the oppressed peoples of Asia. That is why he deplores, as he did in his second radio address, the present war between rival imperialist groups. That is why Lindbergh, the reactionary isolationist, seeks a compromise with the reactionary advocates of embargo repeal by embracing the Hoover proposal to ban "offensive" weapons while permitting the sale of "defensive" weapons. The differences between this American Nazi and such pro-British ballyhooers of repeal as Walter Lippmann and Dorothy Thompson are, for all the sound and fury, trivial. The very language they use is the same as his: "The advance of another Genghis Khan" (Lippmann), "Russia, Asia, and Africa have never produced a society which is a synthesis of the Christian ethic, free science, and the rule of law" (Thompson). The pied pipers of reaction call. Will the American people follow?

A Little Learning . . .

LAST June the N. Y. State Chamber of Commerce packaged and distributed some very fancy racist propaganda. Blatantly reactionary, it got little press publicity except in NEW MASSES. This week the Chamber of Commerce adopted still another such report. It is the product of a committee appointed in 1938 by these Horace Manns of big business to inquire into the efficiency and economy of the educational system of New York State. The report declares that the chamber "is entirely out of sympathy with the idea that the state must support youngsters and keep them occupied in school until they reach a certain age." The bankers and brokers urge that the state educate no children beyond mere literacy. From then on, it's up to the parents to pay for their schooling.

The American Committee for Democracy and Intellectual Freedom, whose chairman is Prof. Franz Boas, in conjunction with several other educational organizations and leaders has publicly condemned the report as fascist in its outlook. The report's critics also point out that it discusses the curriculum frankly "from the standpoint of the employers" and that it concludes with the proposal that a carrying-on board of inquiry be appointed "to set up and accurately define an ideal state educational system." Of course the Chamber of Commerce insists that one-half of the new board's personnel should be "sound, able business men with successful records." The report is a warning of what will happen if our state and national governments ever fall completely under the domination of men successful in strikebreaking, wage cutting, and speedup.

"Socialism" in Our Time

"AS THE prime minister's speech proceeded in even more unequivocal terms the enthusiasm of Commons grew until at the end it was cheering every other phrase, and the leaders of the opposition groups were outdoing each other in endorsing the rejection of Herr Hitler's terms, while expressing disappointment that the nation's war aims had not been more clearly enunciated."—*Raymond Daniell, New York "Times," Oct. 13, 1939, reporting Neville Chamberlain's speech.*

"There is now one more chance, he went on to say, what reason and good-will can do, and he suggested that debate be adjourned until Monday. The party leaders all agreed and wished him godspeed, except William Gallacher, the single Communist in Commons, who protested that there was as much fascism in Mr. Chamberlain's party as in Herr Hitler's. But by this time, Mr. Chamberlain was surrounded by admiring members who had stopped to shake his hand before they left the House. He sat on the front bench and his face was happier than the House had ever seen it. Winston Churchill came to offer good wishes and so did Arthur Greenwood, deputy leader of the Labor Party."—*Ferdinand Kuhn, Jr., New York "Times," Sept. 29, 1938, the day before Munich.*

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Hunger

Five Fresco Panels by Luis Quintanilla

The Spanish artist's murals executed for the loyalist government's World Fair pavilion are now on exhibition in New York City.

"My exhibition, Ernesto," says Luis Quintanilla in a letter to Ernest Hemingway, "includes two phases of my life diametrically opposed, although I painted them without interruption in time. The first consists of five frescoes of the Spanish war [reproduced here], that horrible spectacle which you also saw and commented on before the indifference of the world. The second is American life."

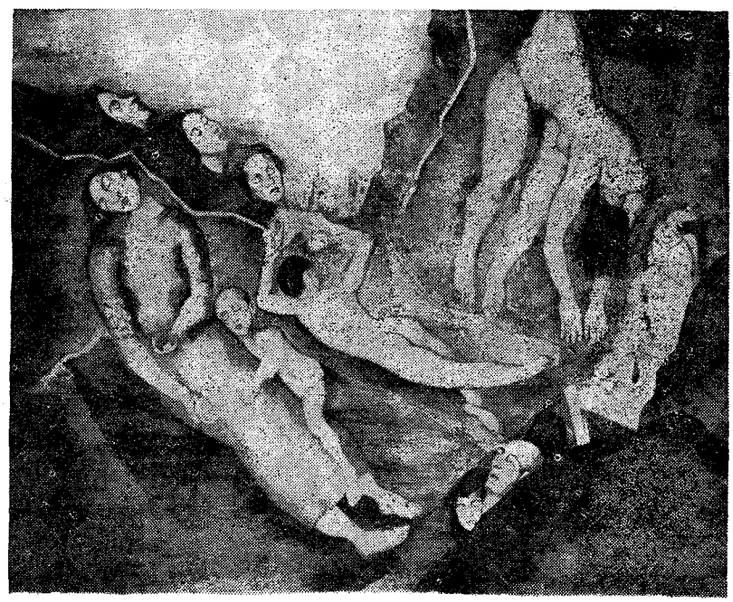
Quintanilla's pictures are being shown until November 25 at the American Artists Galleries, 711 Fifth Ave. (N. Y.). The painter has said, "I arrived here sad and demoralized. I didn't know whether I should commit suicide or get married, which is to prolong life; I married. I didn't know whether to take to alcohol or to work, and I worked. Little by little I took from my palette the bitter memories of Spain, and by dint of brush strokes I came to feel myself an individual again and to love colors as old friends who for a long time had been forgotten."

Quintanilla's work in Spain has been destroyed by the fascists, against whom he fought. Now he is becoming an American citizen but Spain can be remembered: "And it happened that from Brooklyn came to my studio Sidney Franklin and the studio was flooded with reds, greens, and golds, memories of Andalusia. The sun came in, we played music, we drank white wines from California with olives from Florida, and I don't know why I painted gayly the American bull fighter: *The Kid From Brooklyn.*"

Soldiers

Pain

Flight



Destruction

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NEW MASSES

ESTABLISHED 1911

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(Continued from page 11)

ish and dangerous dream ignore the deplorable experience of Versailles . . . fail to see that any repetition of Versailles in the present state of international affairs, which differs radically from that of 1914, may end in disaster for them.

A strong Germany: but not necessarily a fascist Germany. In fact only a democratic Germany can be truly strong. With its superb technical equipment intact (though with Hitler removed) Germany is the indispensable prerequisite for a durable peace not merely for itself, but for all Europe. Socialism, after all, will bring durable peace and socialism in Europe will have to rely for an entire historical period upon the splendid technical heritage of the German people.

Peace will not bring this about immediately. But peace would surely hasten this process, strengthening the position of the Soviets, and weakening the position of every ruling class among the European belligerents. Peace rather than war corresponds to the immediate desires of all peoples in Europe, and it is through peace now rather than truce by bayonet later on that the people of Germany will be able to realize their own destinies.

This is related to the consideration of how to keep our own country out of war. The cessation of hostilities, especially now that the embargo is lifted, is the most logical, most direct fashion in which the aims and desires of American imperialism can be thwarted. It is a tribute to Molotov's world vision that he revealed the realities of American problems in his almost casual remark that lifting the embargo would "intensify, aggravate, and protract" the war, in the interests of American munitions manufacturers. Proof of how correct Molotov was came quite dramatically on the morning after repeal in a Washington dispatch to the New York *Times* by Charles Hurd:

> Revision of the United States arms embargo . . . while opening the way for arms and munitions purchases, is expected to cause a sharp curtailment of other British imports from the United States. One source estimated . . . the drop at as much as $150,000,000 a year. The *curtailment* would be necessary, it was stated, to protect exchange and permit *unlimited* purchase of arms and munitions from the United States. [Our italics.]

As Americans, our interest in peace, no matter how unreal the chances of our participation in the war may seem, obviously demands an armistice while the guns have not yet found language. Having begun in earnest, the process of imperialist warfare is irreversible. Cooperating with every popular force for peace, among which the USSR stands in the van, there is yet time.

Congress Sells Neutrality

"HOUSE Dooms Embargo, 243-181; $1,000,000,000 in War Orders Expected." "Roosevelt Wins—Arms for Britain by Weekend." These two headlines, one from a New York newspaper, the other from a London paper, tell the story. Neutrality? Peace? Not at all. Embargo repeal means war orders, war profits for American big business. It means American help for imperialist Britain against imperialist Germany. One billion dollars! Wall Street considers it a good price for which to sell American neutrality. But what do the people think?

Even more important than the immediate economic or military effects of lifting the embargo are the political consequences. Repeal was originally presented as a means of safeguarding the peace and neutrality of the United States. This idea didn't die hard; it scarcely lived. The word "neutrality" was taken in vain by the repealers only at the outset of the congressional debate. After that it was "Hail Britannia" and neutrality be damned. Unfortunately, some liberals were also caught up in the New Deal drive for repeal and failed to see the real power behind this move: the most reactionary, most jingoistic forces in the country.

A year ago repeal could have contributed to peace. For democratic Spain it might have meant the difference between life and death. Today it can contribute only to the prolongation of war and to the danger of American involvement. The fight to keep America out of the imperialist war will be more difficult, but it is by no means hopeless. Labor's initiative can weld together a front of the common people that can win this fight.

Versatile Mr. Dies

THE Dies committee is proving its versatility. Having paraded a plain and fancy assortment of perjurers, labor spies, anti-Semites, and bogus Soviet agents before the Washington spotlight, it has now fished out a man wanted for murder. William C. McCuistion is the prize package this time, and it turns out that the New Orleans police are interested in making his acquaintance and finding out what he happened to be doing when Philip Carey, an official of the National Maritime Union, was murdered recently. McCuistion is described by Joseph Curran, president of the NMU, as "one of an organized gang which traveled through the various ports of the Gulf area and was responsible for the beating, intimidation, and injury of many seamen." His other attainments include expulsion from the Communist Party in 1934 for drunkenness and a record as a coward and deserter in loyalist Spain. In short, an ideal Dies committee witness.

Chairman Dies has rushed to the defense of this shipowners' stooge and announced that he will personally go down to New Orleans to look after him. Besides being versatile, America's leading un-American is nothing if not unsubtle. He told the Associated Grocery Manufacturers, Inc., the other day that he would investigate research organizations identified with the consumer movement.

It is these reckless smearing tactics that are evoking criticism even from conservative spokesmen. Witness the attack on the Dies committee by Wendell L. Willkie, head of Commonwealth & Southern. Practically all of these critics, however, oppose not the aims of the Dies witch hunt, but the bungling methods which tend to discredit the aims. But civil liberties cannot be preserved if they are denied to Communists. The Dies committee has announced that it will ask Congress for a new appropriation—its third—and for continuance of its activity for another two years. It should get neither.

Il Duce's Dilemma

WHICH way will Mussolini jump? The answer to this question is no clearer today than it was before the Italian dictator swept out of office six Cabinet ministers, his army and airforce chiefs of staff, and the secretary of the Fascist Party. This purge is being interpreted as the passing of the pro-German elements among Mussolini's aides and therefore a step toward aligning Italy with the Allies. Maybe. But in politics there can be many a slip twixt the cup and the lip. And while Mussolini shows no eagerness to help his putative axis ally, it is by no means certain that he has already lifted the cup of eventual participation on the side of the Allies.

The rapprochement with Greece, announced two days after the Cabinet changes, falls into the same equivocal category. Greece, it is true, has a military alliance with Turkey, which in turn is allied to Britain and France. Moreover, Greece, like Rumania, has been directly guaranteed by Britain against attack. On the other hand, the strengthening of Italian influence on the Aegean through the new friendship with Greece can hardly be regarded with favor by Turkey, Greece's neighbor.

The understanding with Greece also has its anti-Soviet connotations since it may be a move toward the creation under Italian sponsorship of a so-called neutral Balkan bloc.

Mussolini's latest moves can certainly bring no comfort to Hitler. But how much comfort, if any, they will bring to the Allies remains to be seen. One thing is certain: that Mussolini has set a stiff price for his support. But whichever side he chooses, he is between the devil and the deep blue sea. For this is a war in which world imperialism cannot prosper.

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La Belle France Brutale

LAST July, on the 14th, republican France celebrated the 150th anniversary of the fall of the Bastille. One hundred and fifty years since the Great French Revolution: France, the cradle of rationalism, the birthplace of freedom, haven for Tom Paine, ancestral home of the Communards, motherland of *liberte, fraternite, egalite.* Four months later, France has been plunged into war, driven by treacherous statesmen who systematically wasted the heritage of French security, ignobly betrayed their allies on the Continent, reduced France and its people to colonial dependents of the British empire.

Reports come that France (which appeals for American support in the name of anti-fascism) is persecuting the refugees from Germany, Czechoslovakia, and other unhappy countries with an even greater hysteria and pettifogging uncharity than she accorded refugees from republican Spain.

The October 24 bulletin of the Joint Distribution Committee, specializing in relief of Jewish refugees, reports that "the situation is particularly disturbing in France where every male 'enemy' alien, including German Jewish refugees, between the ages of fifteen and sixty-five, has been interned in special camps. Women and children . . . constitute a serious relief problem . . . complicated by the fact that the accounts of all German nationals have been blocked, and Germans are unable to withdraw their funds. The camps are by no means adequate for the thousands of people who have been suddenly thrust upon them, as a result of which hundreds sleep under the open sky."

Elliott Paul, author of *Life and Death in a Spanish Town,* returned from France recently with further evidence of the brutalizing trend. He reports that:

> The last vestiges of democratic parliamentary government have been swept away. Every gain made in a constitutional manner by the workers under the Popular Front has been nullified by decree. A censorship the like of which has been scarcely seen in any totalitarian state . . . is in operation so that not a word of truth regarding the events of the day reaches the eyes and ears of the helpless public. . . .
>
> France is being transformed by Daladier, under the cloak of a fake war maneuver, into a totalitarian state . . . the large industrialists are gleeful and cooperate in every way. . . . The French people are as desperately in need of help against Daladier as Germany is in need of help against Hitler. . . . France is doomed to follow Abyssinia, Spain, Austria, and Poland into totalitarian discard unless the French people are able to throw off Daladier and everything that he represents. . . .

Pierre van Paassen, author of the best-seller *Days of My Years,* writes a poignant piece in the November *Living Age* describing the anti-war feeling of humble citizens in the modest town of Bourg: the widow whose only son was killed, the widower leaving his four small sons, "mes quatre gosses," to die for what? for Poland? "And then I came back to the America," van Paassen writes, "and I read the forceful communiques, Daladier and Chamberlain saying that Britain and France will fight to the limit of their material and human resources. And I thought of the villagers of Bourg . . . and their wives and children, of the Maginot Line, and the bone-crushing tanks, of the bombing planes and the glory of the mass attacks that are to be launched shortly. And I prayed God to take pity on the hearts of men."

Even-Handed Justice

NOT one of the least important points of Earl Browder's speech in Boston at the twenty-second anniversary celebration of the USSR, was the revelation that Rep. "J. Parnell Thomas," the Dies committee member chosen by the Republican National Committee to press Mr. Browder's indictment on a charge involving a technical violation of the passport regulations, was himself sitting in Congress under a pseudonym. "Mr. Thomas," it seems, was formerly John Parnell Feeney, Jr., who grew up as a Jersey City Irish Catholic. Now he is "J. Parnell Thomas," Republican, Protestant, Mason. Odd contretemps indeed that Mr. Browder's arrest should be sought by a man who may be illegally a member of Congress. We direct *Life* magazine, Dorothy Thompson, and others whose passion for justice has burned so pure in Browder's case, to exhibit due alarm over this revelation.

Mr. Sheean Changes Sides

ON OCTOBER 21 the *Saturday Evening Post* published a worshipful article on Winston Churchill by Vincent Sheean. On November 8 the *New Republic* published an article by Vincent Sheean denouncing Stalin and the Soviet Union. Those two articles are really one—two sides of the same coin. And they are symbolic. For the personal history of Winston Churchill includes, as Sheean fails to mention, organization of the armed imperialist intervention against the young Soviet Republic in 1918-21. In other words, Mr. Sheean has decided to change sides in this none-too-easy battle for a better world. He has joined up with the tory Churchill.

But he might have done a subtler job. His *New Republic* piece reads like Isaac Don Levine dressed up in Sunday prose. There are the same dearth of facts, the same sweeping generalizations, the same cheap melodrama. We are told that "six or seven million peasants are believed [by whom?] to have died of starvation in the Ukraine alone." Coughlin does a better job: his figure is 20,700,000. The fascist states have become for Sheean a lesser evil since in the USSR "the enslavement of the proletariat and peasantry, which no longer have even the right of movement from one part of the same district to another, is without parallel in the records of mankind." In the words of Maxim Gorky's article elsewhere in this issue:

> This is not an ordinary lie, but the kind of obvious lie which deceives only those who are absolutely impotent and with no sense of personal responsibility, people who are living in a state of complete decadence, whose intellectual energy and critical thought have been completely exhausted.

The *New Republic*—which, incidentally, rejected a pro-Soviet article by a prominent American writer at about the same time it accepted Sheean's rewrite of Isaac Don Levine—promises a second article next week. We shall deal with both articles in greater detail. Meanwhile one can only speculate as to the reasons for Sheean's sudden about-face. As recently as its September 18 issue NEW MASSES published an abridged version of a radio address of his in which he defended the Soviet-German Non-Aggression Pact. In his latest book, *Not Peace but a Sword,* published during the summer, Sheean praised the work of the Communists in Spain and declared that he placed his reliance on "the will and instinct of the proletariat," in whom he saw "such hope as we are justified in retaining for the future progress of humanity. . . ." But the proletariat has passed out for Sheean, and the country where it rules is called by all names foul and unfair. And the *New Republic* celebrates its 25th anniversary as a supposedly liberal magazine by publishing this reactionary nonsense.

Britannia in the Hemisphere

OFF the coast of Patagonia lie the Falkland Islands. Yielded by Spain fifty years before Argentina achieved its freedom, they became a crown colony of the British empire in 1833. Geographically, these islands belong to Argentina: almost every year protests come from Buenos Aires at the continued British occupation. Movements spring up regularly on the pampas for their reclamation. There are cattle, seals, and timber on the islands, but they are most valuable as the strategic base from which Great Britain dominates the southern Atlantic and Pacific, and all trade around Cape Horn. In December 1914 an important naval battle was fought off these islands: British warships routed Admiral von Spee's raiders off the south Atlantic coast.

Since the outbreak of the present war, British citizens in Argentina have been mobilized for service on the Falklands. Irritation against London has been growing on the River Plate. No mention of this has appeared in news columns of the American press, much less in any headlines. But we wonder what a cry would have gone up in bold type on the front pages of the newspapers if stories had come from South America to the effect that the Germans in Brazil, for example, were being commandeered for the service of Germany in the Western Hemisphere? Would Washington preserve its diplomatic dignity in view of such a Nazi "menace"? And will Washington now, in view of the fact that the Falklands lie within the three hundred mile blanket proposed at the Pan-American conference, maintain discreet silence about the activities of one belligerent, Great Britain, off the shores of an American "good neighbor"?

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Reply to an Intellectual

Maxim Gorky, back in 1931, foresaw the dilemma of the intellectuals in capitalist countries when faced with war. The disparagers of Soviet culture.

This selection is part of a volume of Gorky's essays which International Publishers will issue November 14 under the title *Culture and the People*. "Reply to an Intellectual" originally appeared in 1931. The publication of this essay and the other selections in *Culture and the People* is especially opportune at this moment. For Gorky bitterly opposed those writers who, like Dorothy Thompson, attempt to disparage Russian culture as somehow inimical to "Western civilization." The "preposterously exaggerated and ludicrously inflated consciousness of their own superiority over the Russians" was described by Gorky as a "long-standing malady of Europeans." The malady becomes acute when it serves the convenience of anti-Soviet writers. Gorky was equally penetrating in his observations of writers who, like Vincent Sheean, discover all sorts of "diabolical vices" in the Russians at the very moment that the generals are seeking to point their guns eastward.

You write: "Many intellectuals in Western Europe are beginning to feel that they are people without a fatherland, and our thoughts are now turning more and more toward life in Russia. At the same time, what is actually going on in the Soviet Union is still hazy in our minds."

The Soviet Union is the scene of a struggle between the nationally organized will of the working masses and the forces of spontaneity in both nature and man. This "spontaneity" in man is nothing more or less than the instinctive anarchy of the individual which has become ingrained in the course of ages through his oppression by the class state.

This struggle is the sum and substance of reality in the Soviet Union. Anyone who sincerely desires to understand the profound meaning of the revolutionary cultural changes which have overtaken old Russia will grasp their import only by regarding this process as a struggle for culture and for the creative potentialities of culture.

You Westerners have adopted an attitude toward the people of the Soviet Union which I can hardly consider worthy of persons who consider themselves apostles of a culture which they deem indispensable for the whole world. It is the attitude of a tradesman to his customer, of a creditor to his debtor. You remember that czarist Russia borrowed money from you and learned from you how to think; but you forget that these loans yielded your industrialists and merchants uncommonly luscious profits, and that Russian science of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries contributed much to the general stream of European scientific research. Today, when it is so distressingly clear that your creative power in the sphere of art is on the decline, you are living on the forces, the ideas, and forms of Russian art. You cannot gainsay the fact that Russian music and literature, not to be outdone by Russian science, long ago won an honored place in the body of world culture.

It would seem that a people whose spiritual creative capacity has risen in the course of one century to heights comparable to those achieved by the rest of Europe in the course of many centuries, a people which has but now gained freedom in the use of its creative powers, deserves closer study and attention than has hitherto been accorded it by the intellectuals of Europe.

Is it not time that you definitely made up your minds to ask yourselves this question: Just what are the differences between the objectives of the bourgeoisie of Europe and of the peoples of the Soviet Union? It is sufficiently clear by now that the political leaders of Europe do not serve "the nation as a whole," but serve mutually hostile groups of capitalists. This mutual hostility among the leaders of big business, who were devoid of any sense of responsibility to their respective "nations," resulted in a series of crimes against humanity similar to the world holocaust of 1914-18. It intensified mutual distrust among nations, turned Europe into a row of armed camps, and now squanders an enormous amount of the people's labor, gold, and iron in the manufacture of ammunition with which to perpetrate new massacres. Because of this antagonism between the capitalists, the world economic crisis, which drains the physical resources of the "nation" and stunts the growth of its intellectual forces, has been sharply aggravated. This enmity among robbers and hucksters is preparing the way for a new world carnage.

Ask yourselves: What purpose is served by all this? And, generally speaking, if you sincerely want to be relieved of your burden of doubt and your negative attitude toward life, ponder over this simplest of questions regarding the existing social order. Without allowing yourselves to be carried away by words, give serious thought to the general aims of capitalist existence—or, to be more exact, to the criminal character of its existence.

You intellectuals are said to "cherish culture, whose universal significance is indisputable." Is that really so? Under your very noses capitalism is day by day steadily destroying this precious culture in Europe, and by its inhuman and cynical policies in the colonies is most certainly creating a host of enemies of European culture. If this rapacious "culture" of yours is producing a few thousand similarly minded robbers on the black and yellow continents, do not forget that some hundreds of millions still remain within the fold of the plundered and poverty-stricken. Hindus, Chinese, and Annamites bow their heads before your cannon, but that does not in the least mean that they venerate European culture. And they are beginning to realize that in the Soviet Union a different sort of culture is springing up, different in form and in significance.

"Heathens and savages dwell in the East," you declare; and in proof of this assertion you harp on the position of women in the East. Let us go into this question of savages. . . .

There is far too much evidence of savagery in bourgeois Europe, and it ill befits you to speak of the barbarism of the East. The peasantry of the nations which have entered the Soviet Union is fast learning the value of genuine culture and the importance of the part woman plays in life. The truth of this is fully appreciated by the workers and peasants in those provinces of China in which Soviets have already been established. The Hindus, too, will learn to understand. All the toiling masses of our planet must sooner or later discover the road to freedom. It is precisely for this freedom that they are struggling all over the world.

In the capitalist world the struggle for oil, for iron, and for the arming of millions in preparation for a new slaughter, rages with increasing fury. It is a struggle conducted by a minority for the right to the political and economic oppression of the majority. . . . This struggle has completely exterminated "humanitarianism," which was so dear to the hearts of the European intellectuals and of which they were so proud.

Never before had the intellectuals so clearly displayed their helplessness and their shameless indifference to life as they have in the twentieth century, so full of the tragedies created by the cynicism of the ruling classes. In the sphere of politics, the sentiments and ideology of the intellectuals are under the thumb of adventurers humbly serving the will of capitalist groups, who trade in everything that is marketable and, in the end, always bargain away the energy of the people. By this word "people" I mean not only the workers and peasants, but also petty officials and the army of "employees" of capitalism, and the intellectuals as a whole—still a bright patch among the filthy tatters of bourgeois society.

The intellectuals did not understand the historic importance of the October Revolution and they had neither the strength nor the desire to protest against the bloody and predatory capitalist intervention of 1918-21. They protest when a monarchist professor or plotter is

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arrested in the Soviet Union, but they remain indifferent when their capitalists violate the peoples of Indo-China, India, and Africa. When, in the Soviet Union, a half-hundred of the most infamous criminals are shot, the foreign intellectuals fill the air with their clamorous outcries against savagery; but when, in India or Annam, thousands of totally innocent people are wiped out by cannon and machine guns, these humane intellectuals are modestly silent. They are still unable to draw conclusions from the results of years of toil and of inestimable energy spent in the Soviet Union. The politicians in Parliament and in the press fill their ears with tales of how the work of the Soviets is directed exclusively to the destruction of the "old world," and they do not fail to believe that this is so.

But in the Soviet Union the working masses are rapidly assimilating all that is best and most precious in the cultural heritage of mankind. This process of assimilation is accompanied by a process of development of this heritage. Naturally, we are destroying the old world, for we must release man from the multiplicity of shackles which have impeded his intellectual growth and free his mind from superstition and all the timeworn concepts of class, nationality, and church.

The fundamental aim of the cultural process in the Soviet Union is the unification of all the peoples of the world into one indivisible whole. This work is dictated by the entire course of the history of mankind; it is the beginning not merely of a national, but of a world, renaissance. Individuals like Campanella, Thomas More, Saint-Simon, Fourier, and others dreamt of this at a time when the industrial technique necessary for the realization of this dream was as yet non-existent. Now all requisite conditions exist. The dream of the utopians has found a firm foundation in science, and the work of realizing this dream is being carried on by millions. In another generation there will be nearly two hundred million workers engaged in this work in the Soviet Union alone.

When people do not want to understand or have not the strength to understand, they take refuge in blind belief.

Class instinct, the psychology of the petty proprietor and the philosophy of those who blindly support class society, forces these intellectuals to believe that individual expression is smothered and suppressed in the Soviet Union, that the industrialization of the country is proceeding by means of the same kind of forced labor that built the Egyptian pyramids. This is not an ordinary lie, but the kind of obvious lie which deceives only those who are absolutely impotent and with no sense of personal responsibility, people who are living in a state of complete decadence, whose intellectual energy and critical thought have been completely exhausted.

The rapidity with which great numbers of talented people are emerging in all walks of life—in art, science, and technology—conclusively disproves this myth of the suppression of individuality in the USSR. It could not be otherwise in a land where the entire population is drawn into the cultural process. . . .

The thirst for knowledge is growing. Since the establishment of the Soviet Union dozens of scientific research institutes, new universities, and polytechnic schools have been founded. All of them are filled to overflowing with throngs of young students, while the workers and peasants are constantly developing thousands of new leaders of culture.

Has it ever been, and can it ever be, the aim of a bourgeois state to draw all the millions of its working people into cultural activities? History answers this simple question negatively. Capitalism promotes the mental development of the workers only insofar as is necessary and profitable for industry and trade. Capitalism needs human beings only as a more or less inexpensive source of power for the defense of the existing order.

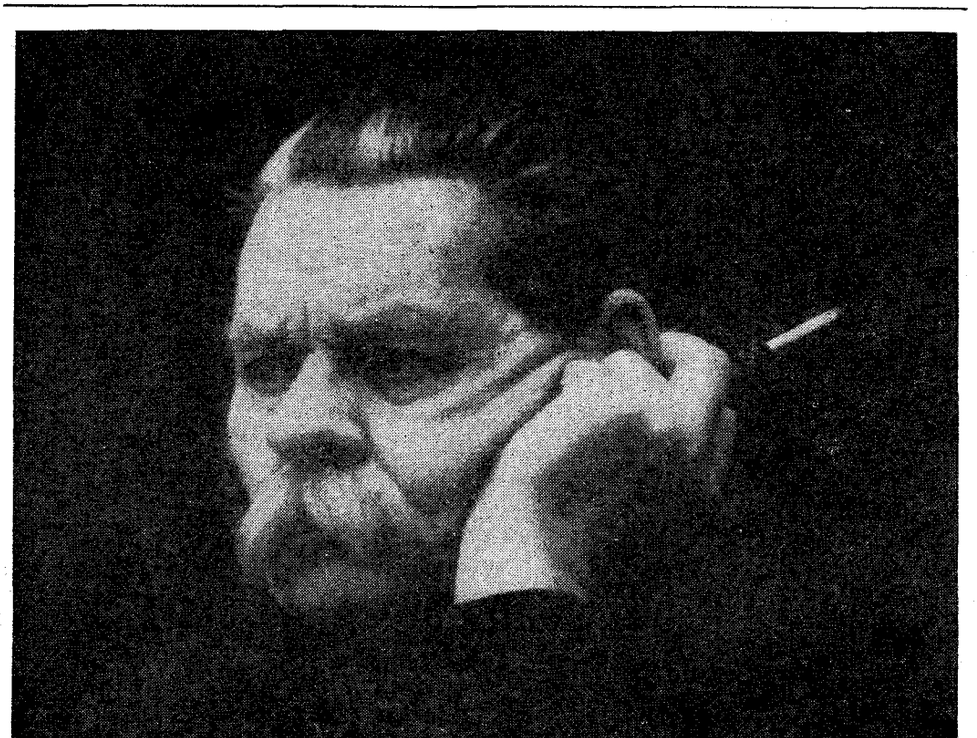
Capitalism has not reached and never can reach the simple realization that the aim and significance of genuine culture is the development and accumulation of intellectual energy. In order that this energy may develop uninterruptedly and thereby assist humanity the sooner to utilize all the forces and gifts of nature, it is essential to liberate the maximum amount of physical energy from these senseless and anarchic drudgeries which serve the greedy interests of the capitalists, plunderers and parasites of toiling humanity. The conception of humanity as a storage plant filled with an enormous supply of intellectual energy is absolutely foreign to the ideologists of capitalism. In spite of all their shrewdness in wielding the pen and their eloquence in the spoken word, the ideology of those who defend the role of the minority over the majority is essentially bestial.

Class states are built after the fashion of zoological gardens where all the animals are imprisoned in iron cages. In class states these cages, constructed with varying degrees of skill, serve to prolong those ideas which divide humanity and prevent the development of an awareness in man of his own interests as well as the birth of a genuine culture embracing all humanity.

Is it necessary for me to deny that the individual in the Soviet Union is restricted? Of course not, and I do not deny it. In the Soviet Union the will of the individual is restricted when it runs counter to the will of the masses, who are aware of their right to build new forms of life; who have set themselves a task beyond the power of any single individual even if he be gifted with the genius of a superman. The front ranks of the workers and peasants in the Soviet Union are advancing towards their own lofty ideal, heroically overcoming a multitude of obstacles and difficulties.

The workers understand the thing that it is essential for them to understand: that power is in their own hands. In bourgeois states, laws are concocted and handed down from above; they are made for the purpose of strengthening the power of the ruling class. Legislation in the Soviet Union originates with the lowest bodies, in the village Soviets and in factory committees. If you watch the course of any such legislation, you will readily be convinced that these measures do not merely meet an immediate need of the working masses, but are convincing proof of the cultural growth of these masses.

The working and peasant masses of the Soviet Union are beginning to understand that the process of their material advancement and cultural development is being tampered with



MAXIM GORKY. *More than three years after his death, in a world very different from the one he left, the writings of this great Russian achieve a fresh and distinctive significance.*

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If the intellectuals of Europe and America, instead of listening to scandalmongers, instead of trusting traitors, gave serious and honest thought to the historical significance of the process which is developing in the Soviet Union, they would understand that the object of this whole process is the assimilation of the invaluable treasures of universal culture by a nation of 160,000,000 people. They would understand that this nation labors not only for itself but for all humanity, at the same time revealing to mankind what miracles may be accomplished by the intelligently organized will of the masses.

Finally, I must categorically ask this question: Do the intellectuals of Europe and America want a new world massacre which will still further decrease their ranks and augment both their impotence and savagery? The worker and peasant masses of the Soviet Union do not want a war. They want to create a state where all will be equal. But in the event of an attack they will rise to a man to defend themselves as one indivisible whole, and they will be victorious because history is working for them. MAXIM GORKY.

The Chamberlain Press

AMERICA'S HOUSE OF LORDS, *by Harold L. Ickes. Harcourt, Brace & Co. Cloth, $1.50. Paper, 75 cents.*

SINCE Chamberlain's conquest of the American capitalist press, our people have in the past two months been subjected to an incessant campaign of Red-baiting, Soviet-hating, and warmongering. Why this press can so easily become a menacing instrument for dragging us into the imperialist war is made clear in some of the data presented by Secretary of the Interior Ickes in this little "inquiry into the freedom of the press." During the past year, Mr. Ickes has busied himself with a vivid attack on some of the more obvious malpractices of the press lords. His public address, radio speech and debate, and magazine article on this subject are the basis for his book. As an unofficial administration spokesman, Mr. Ickes rose to defend the New Deal against the persistent misrepresentation that it was planning to regulate the press, and to attack the enemies of the New Deal for their daily smearing of the New Deal and its policies. Reaching millions with his message and facts, he soon found popular support; in this book he expresses his gratification at finding such widespread distrust of the press.

The pages are crowded with fresh examples of the old, familiar newspaper crimes against democracy and truth recently publicized by George Seldes, who is undoubtedly the godfather of the present study. Up-to-the-minute instances (some as recent as mid-August 1939) repeat the never-sufficiently-repeated indictment that "the chief trouble with our news-

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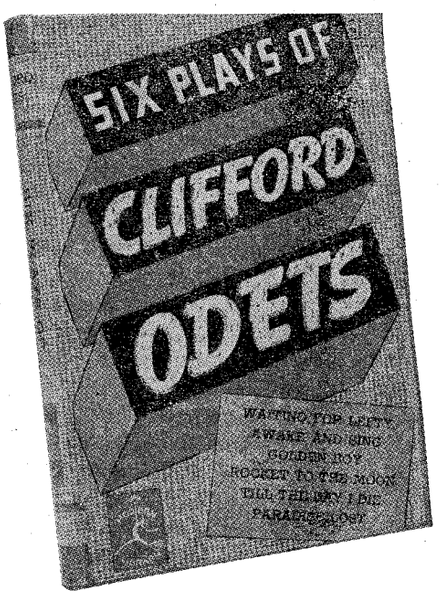

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papers, at least the metropolitan ones, is that they are big business with an upper stratum interest and outlook." Ickes lays about him with zeal and wit. He is especially crisp in the two chapters on his own Chicago and its misnamed *Tribune*. He can lay Westbrook Pegler out sprawling with the characterization, "He is the 'Mrs. Dilling' of columnists."

What to do about it all, Mr. Ickes does not quite know. That the big business press can be curbed or destroyed only by curbing or destroying big business he is not prepared to proclaim. Therefore he contents himself with proposals for self-regulation of the press so that it may avoid other kinds of regulation, and of legislation to force separation of press and radio ownership. And then he lists the Scripps-Howard chain in his honor roll! But I'm afraid the House of Lords is traditionally and institutionally not open to persuasion. If anything, it will become more vicious than ever as the enticement of war profits and American imperialist interests attracts it. Whether Mr. Ickes, with the Roosevelt administration veering to the right, will continue to expose the evils of the press is a big question. I prefer to put my trust in the labor press, to which Mr. Ickes has given no more than a statistical footnote.

ARTHUR L. HAYNES.

Feudal Spain

LOVE POSSESSED JUANA, *by Angna Enters. Twice A Year Press. $2.50.*

ANGNA ENTERS' reputation as a dance mime is fairly secure; her painting and occasional prose have been well received. *Love Possessed Juana* is her first play.

Juana, queen of Castile, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, is torn between love for her people and her allegiance to Charles V. Unable to assume the leadership demanded of her in the armed struggle of the Spain rebelling against its feudal order and the church of the Inquisition supporting it, she wavers, and ultimately helps to split and destroy the forces of the revolution.

The drama that lies in the story of the rising of the Spanish people, bourgeoisie and peasantry, against their medieval monarchy (the author draws the 1936-39 parallels in one of her prefaces) is, however, unfortunately much in the background and scarcely developed. The emphasis of the play is on the monotonous love frustration of one of the less fortunate Spanish infantas, a recital in love-thwarting which begins with weeping and ends with a pathological seeking after death. The fine and fervent hatred for oppression, past or present, which always has been apparent in the work of Miss Enters, loses itself considerably in materials of comparatively minor importance.

There are notes on Spanish music, bullfighting, dancing, the black plague and the Nazi plague, stage sets, ballets, incidental drawings and incidental music.

OWEN BURKE.

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EDWIN ROLFE was in Spain for twenty months, and all but four of them were spent with the International Brigades. He acted as General Commissar in Madrid, fought with the Lincoln Battalion during the Ebro offensive, and spent the last few months of the war as correspondent for several American newspapers and magazines. He was chosen to write this book by general consent of his companions.

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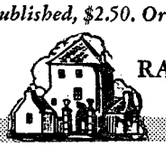

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Science and Society

MODERN SCIENCE: A STUDY OF PHYSICAL SCIENCE IN THE WORLD TODAY, *by Hyman Levy. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.*

In 736 pages one ought to be able to say a great deal about a subject even as broad as modern physical science. Professor Levy does. With clear-cut lucid language, helped by many telling illustrations and graphic charts and pictures, he introduces the lay reader to the elements of algebra, number theory, calculus, modern physics, and astronomy, and discusses the principles of aeronautics and ballistics. As a result, subjects which may have appeared remote and austere before now have the air of common sense. Not intended as a substitute for college courses in these subjects, Levy's presentation is in some respects quite superior. Unnecessary technicalities are avoided, the subjects are related appropriately to everyday matters and practical problems, to history and economics, to war, peace, politics, and the better life, while the latest developments and tendencies in modern science, so much neglected in elementary college courses, are frankly explored.

Levy does not hold back the secrets of the fraternity of physicists. His book is far more than a popular exposition of the elements of modern science. Above all it is, like his previous volumes, a portrayal of successful methods and an admonition to make use of them, not only in science proper, but also in the conduct of society. There is a running criticism, for example, of mechanism and idealism. Sometimes, it is true, too bleak a contrast is drawn between them, as if the mechanistic view recognized only objective reality, while the idealistic view admitted only subjective reality. Speaking of tendencies, however, the contrast is justifiable and Levy gives many concrete illustrations from developing science to bear out his point.

In opposition to both idealism and mechanism, he insists upon the interpenetration of subject and object and the reality of both. He emphasizes the unity of theory with practice, i.e. with experiments, industrial developments, nautical or commercial needs and the like. Against the mechanists he contends that "no process can be absolutely isolated from its linkage with the rest of nature," and against certain modern physicists he maintains that one must not expect the parts of a system to observe the same laws as the system itself, that therefore one should not be surprised if the speed and position of the ultimate units of matter cannot *both* be determined. Who said they could on this level? The dialectical physicist expects different laws to operate on different levels of analysis and of reality, and is not, like some of his colleagues, surprised into theological speculations by the discovery that they do.

Levy also calls attention to the interrelation of quality and quantity in geometry and other fields, and to the historical character of science and truth. In many respects he is close to what the Russian philos-

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ophers and physicists, such as Mitin and Yoffe, are saying today. There are differences, of course. Levy, for example, holds that all laws of nature are statistical, and believes that this view is distinctively dialectical, which is doubtful. Moreover, he overemphasizes technology, as he did in his previous book, at the expense of class struggles and political alignments, which is regrettable. On the other hand, the important proposition that ethics and politics are continuous with science so that production for destruction, for example, is not only a perversion of ethics and good government but also a reversal science, receives the clearest expression. In short, you can scarcely go wrong in reading this book. If some pages prove technical and hard going, six hundred or so will be found profitable and exciting.

V. J. McGILL.

The Railroad Problem

RAILROADS IN CRISIS, *by Labor Research Association. International Publishers. 10 cents.*

THIS pamphlet tells a complicated story simply and well. The chief arteries of the nation's transportation system are in a sluggish state from the abuses of many decades. The heritage of the robber barons of the seventies and eighties and of the Morgans and Kuhn, Loebs of today is bankruptcy and near-bankruptcy, the firing of 700,000 workers in the past ten years alone, the hazards of obsolescent equipment with resultant unemployment in other industries which supply the railroads, and the large-scale mulcting of the farmer and the riding public. *Railroads in Crisis,* a section of which appeared in the July 18 issue of NEW MASSES, goes into the sordid details, past and present. Banker control is wrecking the roads, piling up a topheavy structure of overcapitalization and debt which cannot indefinitely defy the laws of gravity. The story is not new, but its compact presentation in pamphlet form helps give the lay reader a clear picture of the nature of the railroad problem which he might otherwise have difficulty in getting for himself. And this problem, of course, is one which affects all of us in one way or another.

It is in the last two chapters, entitled "Immediate Steps" and "Public Ownership," that *Railroads in Crisis* makes its most important contribution. As immediate steps it urges a program of rehabilitation and modernization through "government loans to the roads, matched dollar for dollar by money from the companies themselves," and increased federal appropriations for grade-crossing elimination. The final chapter describes for the first time the mechanics of a simple, cogent program of public ownership as a permanent solution of the railroad crisis. Labor Research Association deserves credit for the job it has done in this pamphlet. One criticism: a more popular presentation would have widened its appeal to readers.

A. B. MAGIL.

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Jazz Piano

The styles and players of hot piano music. Boogie Woogie, Earl Hines, and a roomful of pianists on new records and reissues.

WHOA up, folks! Everything that jumps isn't Boogie Woogie, despite the fact that a lot of characters seem to think piano jazz and Boogie Woogie are synonyms. The heavy swing of Boogie Woogie has had a salutary effect on many piano players but it isn't something to be grafted on, but rather an almost separate jazz tradition that has been practiced in obscurity in Negro communities for decades without appreciably influencing prevailing jazz fashions. Albert Ammons and Meade "Lux" Lewis flourished on the South Side of Chicago for years without knowing who Joe Sullivan and Jess Stacy were.

Nobody started Boogie Woogie any more than anyone invented music. In the Boogie Woogie style the piano is approached by untutored Negroes for its percussive resources as well as its melodic possibilities. To play it requires a remarkable ambidexterity, a schizophrenic sense of time, and unflagging energy. The early players in the dives, bordellos, and rent parties knew no music and were required to play loudly, fast, and overbearingly in order to command the simple musical ears in their environment. A pure and most natural musical impulse lies behind this stirring music, and in the high development of an Albert Ammons or a Crippled Clarence Lofton is affirmed the cultural strength of the Negro people, who, denied at every turn, are able to force such recognition as Boogie Woogie piano music has earned.

There is now a considerable sheaf of Boogie Woogie piano recording, with perhaps the best examples coming from Blue Note and Solo Art. Blue Note has three twelve-inch discs from Ammons and Lewis, including Ammons' roaring "Boogie Woogie Stomp," and two meditative blues improvisations by Lewis—"Solitude" and "Melancholy." Solo Art has given Pete Johnson, the Kansas City artist, four ten-inch sides of originals, including "B. and O. Blues" and "Buss Robinson Blues," and an equal opportunity to Albert Ammons in "Bass Goin' Crazy" and "Monday Struggle," to name two of the sides.

Vocalion has a dollar envelope of three discs with these three and Joe Turner, the blues shouter; and has also released a knockout band record called "Cherry Red," wherein Turner and Johnson demonstrate how much Boogie Woogie offers the orchestra. Bluebird has reissued Meade Lewis' classic "Honky Tonk Train Blues," which William Russell considers a greater train composition than Honegger's "Pacific 231." On the same label there is a primitive New Orleans player, Little Brother, on one side, "Farish Street Jive." The reverse of Little Brother's effort is a monotonous business called "East Chicago Blues," credited to "Pine Top and Lindberg," but actually played by Aaron Sparks and sister. The real "Pine Top"—Pine Top Smith, composer of Albert Ammons' "Boogie Woogie Stomp"—is represented on a United Hot Clubs reissue of "Pine Top's Boogie Woogie." The late Pine Top influenced both Lewis and Ammons and from his recording one can get an idea of the original environment of the music. Pine Top calls the figures for a dance as he plays, and you can be assured from Pine Top's patter it is not a very refined dance.

Jim Yancey, teacher of Meade Lewis, and Crippled Clarence Lofton, an original character who still plays in the Big Apple Cafe in Chicago for nickel whiskies, are two older masters poorly represented on wax. Dan Qualey, impresario of Solo Art, went to Chicago recently and found Yancey modestly settled as a grounds keeper at Comiskey Park. He had played infrequently for a decade and Mr. Qualey persuaded him to practice the kinks out of his fingers and cut a couple of sides, which will be forthcoming as soon as the collectors gobble up the previous Solo Art records. Crippled Clarence commands a style of great antiquity; one of his tunes, "The Fives," has been traced to the 1870's, through several generations of players.

JOE SULLIVAN *of Chicago, who plays hot piano at Cafe Society and figures in the record review on this page.*

The Hot Record Society has reissued the solos of two unknown Boogie Woogie players in Romeo Nelson's "Head Rag Hop" and Montana Taylor's "Detroit Rocks," two prized items.

In the Pirate's Den in Greenwich Village there is a unique musician—Art Hodes, the only white Boogie Woogie player. Art can't make the piano cringe as Albert Ammons can, but he has a legitimate claim to Boogie Woogie, despite the fact that he has not been recorded.

ONE AFTERNOON IN CHICAGO

In 1928, Earl Hines, a slender Negro youth from Pittsburgh, who had been playing the piano in Chicago for several years with Jimmy Noone's band and on memorable recording dates with Louis Armstrong, particularly on the masterpiece, *West End Blues,* gathered a band of his own and opened at the Grand Terrace for what was to be a six-year stay. That year a player-piano roll concern named QRS was toying with the idea of expanding into the record line, and Earl Hines was casually approached to make some tests. The company had no commercial policy and hence did not take the usual precaution of having Hines play the pop tunes of the day. It was this circumstance that led to the capture of eight of the most ravishing improvisations in jazz. One afternoon Hines sat down at the piano, a recording engineer leaning disinterestedly near him, and played eight whimsies in a row. They were named "Just Too Soon," "Chicago High Life,' "A Monday Date," "Off Time Blues," "Panther Rag," "Stowaway," "Blues in Thirds," and "Chimes in Blues." The records made no stir whatsoever in 1928. Only a few hundred were sold.

Now the Hot Record Society has reissued Hines' four ten-inch records made that day, in a bright album designed appropriately by the Negro cartoonist E. Simms Campbell.

Earl Hines' style has often been compared to that of the trumpet. He phrases, skipping along lyrically to a short break as though to take a breath, and then tacks off in another fresh burst. His hurdling speed in which the melody and rhythm often desert the underlying beat without losing knowledge of it, makes for a captivating technique. His melodies are charming and the melodic line, despite constant caprices, is sinewy and sustained, carrying him out to a logical end. Hines does not merely decorate an idea, or harry it with showmanship, but achieves a brilliant entity of style and content.

This, of course, is not Boogie Woogie, but

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one man's personal style evolved from straight jazz inspiration. Chicago produced many fine pianists, among them Jess Stacy, now with Bob Crosby's band, and Joe Sullivan, who leads his own group at Cafe Society. Stacy has made several solos for Commodore Classics in Swing; pieces that might be called, had the phrase not been tortured, jazz nocturnes. "Candlelights," one of Bix Biederbecke's adventures in harmony, comes to glowing life at Stacy's hand. Joe Sullivan has a smoky, relaxed style, with more thump in it, which has made him a fine orchestral player as well as soloist. United Hot Clubs has two fine Sullivan numbers, "Little Rock Getaway" and "Onyx Bringdown."

The young Negro pianist, Clarence Profit, now playing with his trio at the Village Vanguard, is a very tasteful jazz player. In Brunswick's "Tea For Two," regrettably his only record, Profit offers enchanting ad lib effects with delicate tints and a sturdy, unasserted beat.

Mary Lou Williams, of Andy Kirk's band, is almost alone among feminine hot pianists. She is versatile and can play the rough, rolling Kansas City jump tunes as well as sprightly light stuff like "Clean Pickin'" on Decca. Mary Lou is heard in a superb blues role with an informal band behind Mildred Bailey on "Arkansas Blues" and "Gulf Coast Blues" on Vocalion.

Teddy Wilson on many Benny Goodman trios and quartets for Victor loses some of his effect as his technique undergoes refinement. I prefer the kind of playing Wilson demonstrates in solo passages in "Once Upon A Time," made in 1933 by the Chocolate Dandies, reissued by the Hot Record Society.

James P. Johnson, dean of Negro pianists, is most fearfully neglected in the big swing revival. James P. is a vigorous and resourceful player, the composer of several jazz classics, and the accompanist of Bessie Smith on such durable sides as "Back Water Blues." Until Columbia dusts off a dozen fine solos he made in the twenties, now out of print, he can be heard on some of the Panassie Bluebird ensembles and several Hot Record Society originals.

Jelly-Roll Morton can name the date he sat down and invented jazz, and if any single culprit must be found Jelly-Roll might as well be the man. As a composer, pianist, and regisseur of jazz, Jelly-Roll has grown up with the idiom. M. Panassie exhumed several solos, trios, and ensembles in which Jelly-Roll was engaged in the middle twenties. You should hear the solos, "Fat Francis" and "Pep," and the trio with Johnny Dodds, clarinet, and Baby Dodds, drums, on "Mr. Jelly Lord" and "Wolverine Blues."

This sketch leaves out such estimable hot pianists as Count Basie, Joe Bushkin, Dave Bowman, Duke Ellington, Fletcher Henderson, Fulton McGrath, Billy Kyle, Luis Russell, Arthur Schutt, Fats Waller, Buck Washington, George Zack, and Bob Zurke. Rejection does not imply any lack of merit.

JAMES DUGAN.

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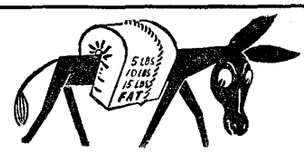

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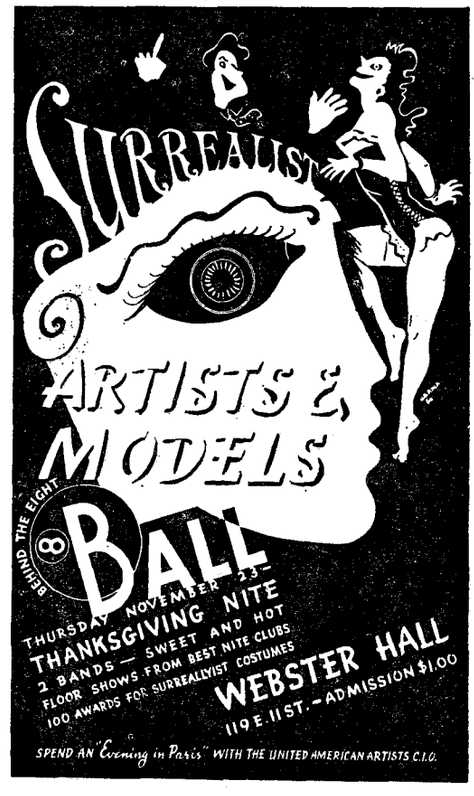
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Musicolossal

Mickey Rooney drowns out the war in "Babes in Arms."

THE ostrich is supposed to hear music underground. Hollywood vows we shall have no war themes this year, but lots of musicals, comedies, and other prankish matters, including patriotism. MGM has managed to bundle all these ideas together in *Babes in Arms,* featuring Mickey Rooney, the Youth's Compendium of Japes, Tricks, Mimicry, and Good Loud Fun. Master Rooney impersonates Clark Gable, Lionel Barrymore, and F.D.R., plays the piano and cello, directs a play, sings songs, lams hell out of the heavy, emotes with Judy Garland, and dances in blackface. I hate to think of the warped lives of the generation growing up under Master Rooney's spell. They will all be in their biers of coronary thrombosis before razors have crossed their cheeks. Mickey is not a boy, he is an Eagle Scout putsch, combined with the hokey side of vaudeville. He is worth his weight in Mexican jumping beans and tin whistles. He should be harnessed to a power plant and resolved into electric light for a moderate-sized city.

The hurrah note in *Babes in Arms* is struck in the grand finale with a song that goes, "It's been a lovely day, here in the USA," which should make you malcontents stop reading the papers and go back to Elsie Dinsmore. The film teems with Hollywood youth, their eyes and teeth shining, forever marching about announcing in song their determination to produce a musical comedy, by golly. Because this is still the good ol' USA, they are suffered and permitted to produce it. In the waits between Mickey's tours de farce there is a wicked reformer who wants to send the kids to the workhouse, and the movie debut of a really charming little gadget named June Preisser. I hesitate to overpraise Miss Preisser lest she turn out to have been played by Mickey Rooney, too.

I realize I am being a cad to question the plot devices of musical comedy because this is out of fashion critically. Caught under a roaring avalanche of rubbish the critics have withdrawn into gentle resignation, and only answer for the individual turn, never the way the thing is strung together. I submit there are many innocuous alternatives of plot, which would have at least the charm of variety. The reform school threat, for instance, is strictly early Biograph period. Would it not be more menacing to substitute for the grim social worker a cinema talent scout who threatens to put the kids into the movies if they don't behave?

Perhaps Hollywood is justified in making its musical comedies about the people of vaudeville, radio, West Point, night club, the movies, and glamorous foreign lands. The person producers consider the average American is very unmusical. It would be ridiculous to cast Jeannette MacDonald as a housewife or Judy Garland as a high school girl. Before they sound their A they must have been established as professional singers—incognito in the more subtle plots. Plain Americans have nothing to sing about, thinks the producing mind.

Yet the movies have introduced Bill Robinson or Louis Armstrong as proletarians and Gene Autry can be a cow waddy and jongleur at the same time. Stumbling in their Kliegblind way upon the fact that the Negro, the hillbilly, and the Westerner are musical in their daily life, the major producers have scarcely done anything with the fact. The phenomenal veneration of Mr. Autry's shoestring productions proves how sound the idea is.

I can see a magnificent musical film about Negro music—the unexplored riches of jazz, spirituals, and blues, not the fatuous hangover of the minstrel show and the crapped out blackface tunes of Tin Pan Alley, but the real music and the real Negro. The picture would need no giant sets or devious continuity but could spring naturally from an intimate *mise en scene* and spontaneous rhythmic patterns. Negro music itself is a thousand times more popular, enduring, and musically sound than the accepted bastardizations of it. The audience has been won, the talent swarms up and down the land, the subject is as rich as Creole gumbo—but it has never been done.

It is rather ironic that I should be telling Louis B. Mayer how to make money, but that is the end of this kind of speculation. After several years the idea will seep through to some daring showman and a Negro musical film will be made. It will feature Stepin Fetchit and other experts at depicting the Negro as shiftless, happy-go-lucky, irresponsible, and childlike, and the director will be chosen for his close approximation to Simon Legree and Thomas Dixon. The tunes manufactured in Tin Pan Alley will be "Dixie Moon," "Lament of the Levee," "Just a Lil' Ol' Shack in the Bayou," and a few phony spirituals for the big production numbers.

I'm sorry I ever started it.

J. D.

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Sheridan Whiteside (the manner of whose original, Robert Forsythe once said affected

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What are they laughing at? For, despite the dramatists' reputation for slick tripe, this is not at all slick. Here is no comedy of manners, no comedy of situation, of character. It is a charade that depends for its appeal on the toilet and the bedroom.

The entrance of the Great Man (in a wheel chair) is carefully prepared for many minutes. The host, the guests, the servants, the doctor, the nurse wait with bated breath. He is wheeled in. Says he, "I may vomit." (Applause.) He calls the nurse, who does not come soon enough to suit him. "What're you doing out there?" he says. "Have you got a sailor out there?" (Laughter.) Later, "All right," he says, "go back to your sex-life." (Laughter.) The famous visiting actress is referred to as "hot pants." Whiteside recalls with delight how "Banjo" (Harpo Marx, get it?) had once "put a microphone in her mattress, and played the record the next day." (Laughter.) He tries to break up his secretary's romance with the local boy. "I'll take you away from here," he says. "I'll get the ants out of your moonlit pants." (Howls.) This is the measure of the humor of the piece, which is selling tickets weeks in advance.

Excellent performances are turned in by the incidental players—Le Roi Operti as a professor who is an authority on cockroach-life; Mary Wickes as the nurse, George Probert as the butler, David Burns as Banjo.

The Man Who Came to Dinner is recommended as an emetic, not because I am a chronic sourpuss, but because nobody likes to be hit in the face with a creampuff.

ALVAH BESSIE.

Charles Martin

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